HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XVII.—No. 874.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A FOREIGN DEMAND.—[SEE PAGE 854.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber, POSTAGE PREPAID, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

☞ This Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY. As a journal of choice reading, combined with artistic attractions of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance, and is the best and cheapest periodical in the world.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive gratuitously an interesting*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a thrilling story, complete, of the East India Mutiny, with a striking illustration; another illustrated installment of "PHINEAS REDUX," *by* ANTHONY TROLLOPE; *and several humorous illustrations.*

LORD LYTTON'S *fascinating Novel,* "THE PARISIANS," *will be continued in the next Number of the* WEEKLY.

An EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *will be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE Eastern king in the fullness of his power had the death's-head laid daily before him to remind him of his mortality. The Republican party, now absolutely supreme, may wisely consider its situation. Its career is the noblest chapter in our history. It has maintained the Union, it has abolished slavery, and by the re-election of General GRANT it has virtually destroyed the Democratic party, whose principles in the resolutions of '98 covertly justified secession, and whose policy was the extension and perpetuation of slavery. The Republican dominance is to-day in no danger from any other existing and efficient party organization. No reversal of its great measures is proposed. No antagonistic national policy is suggested.

Fifty-three years ago President MONROE, under other circumstances, stood like President GRANT without serious organized opposition. The old issues were closed. But the Missouri struggle immediately showed what the next real division would be. To-day, however, such prevision is impossible. No new question has yet presented itself of such national scope and importance that great national parties are likely to be formed upon it. Free trade is at present a speculation, not a practical issue. Railway transportation, the power of great corporations, the hours of labor, temperance, woman suffrage, however important the principles involved, are not in any of their present aspects likely to be the centres of national political organizations. The attempt of Democratic managers to hitch their old party machinery to some of these interests is the comedy of the time. These managers apparently suppose that a political party is a kind of business firm which to-day deals in dry-goods and to-morrow in groceries. Last year they presented the arch-protectionist as their representative, and refused to have any opinion of a tariff. This year they announce that last year's performance was a mistake, and that farmers have never had their rights. Meanwhile a living party continues to be an association of those who have distinct opinions and a definite policy.

Indeed, the only external opposition to the Republican party is a denunciation of the honesty of its administration. The *Crédit Mobilier,* "the back salary grab," taunts at "Christian" statesmanship and at "moral ideas," are the staple of hostile criticism. Now, as proceeding from the Democratic party, nothing can be more futile than this, because the assumption is that the superior morality of that party offers a remedy. But the voters read the newspapers, and they know, for instance, upon Democratic authority, that if one hundred Republican Representatives have drawn their back pay, so have ninety-six Democrats and four "Liberal" Republicans, and that twenty-eight Republicans, but only eight Democrats and no "Liberal" Republican Representatives, have returned it. The voters further see the sincerity of Democratic wrath over the back pay in the fact that the managers of the late Democratic Convention in Pennsylvania came with a resolution in their pockets breathing the loftiest moral indignation at "the grab," and then nominated for chairman a Democratic Representative who had "the swag" in his pocket! The ugly fact being confessed, the Convention could do nothing but reject the candidate. On the other hand, while the "back grab" was undoubtedly, and to our shame, a Republican measure, every Republican State Convention, with one or two exceptions, has denounced it and demanded its repeal; and in Wisconsin, where Senator CARPENTER defended it with reckless sophistry, the Republicans further demanded a constitutional amendment prohibiting any Congress from raising its own salary. All this does not show the superiority of Democratic morality. The honest voter reads the woful record of the grabbers with shame and indignation. But he certainly does not look for relief to the Democratic party. Mr. DICK TURPIN will hardly carry the day by loudly accusing Mr. JONATHAN WILD of highway robbery.

The danger of the Republican party is not from without, but from within. It is not wise to forget that a considerable vote was cast last year for General GRANT under protest, and that the object of that vote has been achieved. The intelligent and conscientious opinion, which has always been and is now the Republican strength, is very independent, and wears lightly the party cockade. It does not value the party, but the purpose for which it has been sustained. The best men in the country have supported the Republican party, because they felt that by so doing they served in the most practicable way liberty and public morality. And so long as they feel this they will continue to support it. But when they cease to feel it the party can count upon them no longer. Vain will be the thunder of the party tom-tom. It has no terror for those who do not seek place or plunder. The Union is not now imperiled. Emancipation is secure. Repudiation is a dream. The reelection of the President has dissipated the hope of reaction. The Republican party is not now bound together by the overshadowing dangers of the recent years, and it can therefore maintain its present unquestioned ascendency only by the character of its administration. If it should be seen that the national patronage controls local politics more and more, despite the claim of a reform of the civil service; if recognized representatives of the national administration in the various States and in Congress should not command, because they would not deserve, general respect and confidence; if continuous Republican victories at the polls should not stay the torrent of corruption, and bring the best character, ability, training, and experience into the management of public affairs—then the earnest patriotism that made the Republican party would make another, which would gloriously continue the work that the Republican party gloriously began.

Every Republican, however, who knows the practical value of an existing and efficient organization, and who honors the party name and tradition, will do what he can to have the party represented by its best men and held to its highest aim. This can be done only by refusing to support improper nominations, however "regular" they may be, and by vigorously censuring all improper action upon the part of Representatives. Let every voter remember that managers do not make a party, and that the only way to control them is to defeat them. If they find that bad men are not supported, they will nominate good men. And if, by the refusal to support their action, the opposition succeeds, it is the managers, not the voters, who are responsible. This kind of independence was never so easy as it is now. The present duty of Republicans is not so much to support the party as to insist and to take care that the party shall be worthy of support.

A THIRD TERM.

FIVE years ago, when General BLAIR warned the country to beware lest General GRANT, once going into the White House, should refuse to go out, the country smiled, as it did at Mr. CALEB CUSHING'S earlier vision of "the man on horseback" who was to come riding over the horizon and enslave us. And, indeed, contrasted with the fact of the patriotic Presidency of General GRANT, these imperial pictures are very ludicrous; for no successful soldier ever passed from the camp to the cabinet with less personal ambition and official ostentation. Yet it is around General GRANT that the newspaper debate of Cæsarism and the third term has arisen. Nobody asserts that he has ever expressed any desire for a third term. Still less has it been hinted by any sane person that he is likely to try a *coup d'état.* No political leader of mark has suggested that he should again be nominated. Yet there is undoubtedly a general feeling that if he wished to be he probably could be. The result of this feeling has been wholesome so far as it has led to reflection upon the changes that have unconsciously taken place in our government, and the new chances that have developed in our political progress. Nor is there any doubt that these reflections show the vital and imminent necessity of a radical reform in the system of the civil service.

It is evident that the people are really ceasing to govern, except in serious emergencies. Of course, as our republic is representative and not democratic, they have never governed directly. They have governed, except in the choice of the President, indirectly through representatives. The theory is that they elect such representatives as they please. The fact has come to be that they elect only such as a very few men designate. It is a government of the caucus or primary meeting; and the caucus is controlled by a few who have a special personal interest in the result, which the rest have not. That superior intelligence should rule is natural. But this ruling class does not represent superior intelligence. When the voter comes to the poll, he does not vote for the candidate whom he prefers, nor for that one whom the best men of his party prefer, but for him who best suits the selfish interest of a small class. This class in our political community is that of the office-holders, and the office-holders depend, directly or indirectly, under our civil service system, upon the pleasure of the President. They are distributed throughout the country. They are felt in every party committee and primary meeting. Politics, nominations, the selection of delegates, are not their pastime, but their bread-and-butter. Through them the President may be coercively present in every caucus: and that presence is the germ of Cæsarism. We observe as we write a curious illustration of this truth. In reconstituting the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts, the delegation from each county named the members from the county. It was proposed in the Berkshire delegation to omit from the committee Mr. TINKER, an internal revenue collector, who had made himself peculiarly offensive as a BUTLER agent. The delegation were strongly opposed to him. But, according to the report, one of the members "pleaded for his retention on the ground that, being an office-holder, he represented the Administration, and that it would be a censure upon GRANT to remove him!" Is it not time to consider? For Cæsarism is merely absolute personal power under constitutional forms. AUGUSTUS did not overthrow the form of the old Roman republic. That remained unchanged. There was no diadem, no court. As Senator, CÆSAR voted in the Senate, and his power was renewed to him from time to time. Even the parody of Cæsarism in France professed to be founded upon universal suffrage. Tyrants always wish to show that they are "regular." No American President, however madly ambitious, would grasp a crown and wear the purple. He would seek to gain permanent power by the misuse of patronage to secure constant renominations and to corrupt public sentiment.

Here is a plain peril. Why did not the fathers guard against it in the Constitution? Simply because it did not then exist, and could not be foreseen. The original proposition in the Convention was that the term of the Presidency should be seven years, and that the Chief Magistrate should not be reeligible. But as he was to be indirectly elected, as there was virtually no army except the State militia, and as he had the power neither of the purse nor of the sword, the fathers supposed that they had removed all chance of danger from a re-election. Naturally they were more jealous of the power of the executive than of any other branch of the government. But when they had, as they supposed, incapacitated the President from securing his own re-election, they were willing to trust that question to the people. That the development of the government would create a vast civil army, encamped throughout the country, highly organized, selfishly devoted to the will of the Administration, and commanded from the capital, no human wisdom could foresee. When WASHINGTON was President the whole number of subordinate officers in the civil service was hardly larger than that of those who are to-day employed in the New York Custom-house alone. The first Blue-book, published in 1801, during JEFFERSON'S administration, is a most modest volume. But those who may now properly be called office-holders, including the laborers in navy-yards and upon the public works, whose muscle is always found so serviceable to an Administration in doubtful primaries, are not less than a hundred thousand persons. In this army lie whatever perils of Cæsarism and of centralization possibly threaten us. Forty years ago WEBSTER and CALHOUN warned the country against the aggrandizement of the executive power. What would they say now?

The practical remedy is obvious. It is to do what the fathers supposed they had done. It is to restrict the civil service to its proper function by removing it from mere party control. When that is done a third term or a sixth term need be no more alarming than a first term. But until that is done it may anxiously and justly be asked whether a third term does not make a sixth term more probable. The other remedy which has been proposed, the one-term amendment, is entirely unsatisfactory. It would not prevent the peril which arises from the present system of the civil service, and might easily expose the country to serious danger, as it would have done during the rebellion.

There could be no better time than this for discussing these questions. It is not because the Presidency of General GRANT peculiarly exposes us to danger, but, on the contrary, because the certainty of four tranquil years of administration gives the opportunity of careful deliberation. The peril of great power is not felt in the hands of a good and patriotic man. But if a man like General BUTLER should ever chance to reach the Presidency, would it be wise to tempt him with splendid facilities of mischief? Did ANDREW JOHNSON give us no uncomfortable sense of the power of an unscrupulous or willful President to make trouble? The restrictions of the Constitution were not necessary for WASHINGTON. They were not made for him, but for the average man. General GRANT does not menace us. But the power of his office may. And as our fathers limited it with the light of their experience, so must we restrict it by the light of ours. There is no doubt of the faithful love of the American people for their political institutions. They love and trust them because they believe them to be the guarantees of liberty and order. The question is, how can they so amend and improve them as to prevent those very institutions from being perverted to wound what they are meant to protect? We may, indeed, run for luck. Undoubtedly. Ostriches bury their heads in the sand. But it is neither the part of wisdom nor of common-sense.

A HAPPY EVENT.

THE political defeat of General BUTLER in Massachusetts is a cause of national congratulation. Even if he had succeeded in securing the nomination for Governor, his opponents would doubtless have vindicated the character of the Republican party and their own self-respect by nominating another candidate. Had the consequence of their action been the defeat as well as the rupture of the party, they would have been guilty who presented a candidate who could not be supported by those who feel that the party and the country are in peril from that political immorality of which General BUTLER is a conspicuous representative. Republicans can not afford to choose such leaders, as they can not afford to defend and support measures and policies with which such men are identified. "People seem to forget New Orleans," said General BUTLER, substantially, in one of his speeches soliciting the nomination, "and to think only of twenty-five hundred dollars increase of salary." The remark illustrates the man. If he has ever done any good service, he can not see why high principle, honesty, and decency should subsequently be demanded of him if he happens to wish official and representative responsibility.

We do not forget New Orleans, nor Baltimore, nor New York. We remember that at a revolutionary moment, when there was no law but his own will, and when he had an army to sustain it, General BUTLER kept the peace. Let him have the credit. But we remember also that at that very time Governor ANDREW said that the general connived at the making of money by unscrupulous men. We remember also that General BUTLER had his full share of credit for all that he did during the war, and we do not admit that his war record should obliterate his peace record. At a time when it is the first duty of all patriotic men to unite to elevate the tone of our politics, what conceivable reason is there that Massachusetts Republicans should set aside an upright, faithful, admirable magistrate, whose character as a man and a Republican is unsullied, except by an innuendo of General BUTLER'S, and replace him by a candidate whom two years ago General HAWLEY plainly convicted of falsehood, who advocated repudiation, and who was the ringleader in the late Congressional theft upon the national treasury? Had Massachusetts Republicans as a party done this, or acquiesced in it, they would fatally have wounded the party every where in the country.

General BUTLER began his effort to secure

the nomination by an elaborate letter justifying the "salary grab," a measure which has disgusted honest public sentiment more than any other of late years. He defended his offense in every speech. He gloried in it. "I put it through, as is my custom; as I put MUMFORD through," he said, substantially, on every stump. His nomination would have been the acceptance of his platform. It would have been the approval by Massachusetts Republicans of an act which Wisconsin Republicans wish to prohibit by the Constitution, and which honorable men condemn. The advocates of General BUTLER complain that every thing is alleged while nothing is proved against him. But the general himself gives us seven columns of proof against himself, as Senator CARPENTER did in Wisconsin. The general says that it is a perfectly honorable and proper thing for a Representative who has received the salary agreed upon, and has receipted for it in full, to add thirty per cent. to the amount and take it from the Treasury.

But it is not only the kind of dishonesty shown in favoring repudiation and defending the salary grab which should put General BUTLER under the political ban; it is the dishonorable method of his action. In the letter of which we speak he sneers at Judge HOAR, one of the leaders of the opposition to him, as not too squeamish to receive back pay as judge. The general hoped that "the people," whom he obsequiously flatters, would not reflect that a judge no more increases his own salary than a clerk. General BUTLER was willing to stab by what he knew was a false innuendo. In the same way he elaborately insinuated—charged, indeed, unmistakably—that Governor WASHBURN when in Congress had corruptly made money as chairman of the Committee upon Claims. Mr. GEORGE F. HOAR, a colleague of the Governor's in Congress, instantly branded the charge as utterly false, and the Governor himself, whose word is believed in Massachusetts, promptly and pointedly denied it.

The under-tone of all General BUTLER'S speeches was that of the sheerest demagoguery. He called himself especially the friend of the people, and appealed to the basest prejudices of class, as if industry and thrift were vices, and morality and intelligence had no rights in the commonwealth. This "friend of the people," as Mr. HOAR showed, did not hesitate in Congress to take a million and a half of dollars from the taxes which the people pay in order to add to the salary of those who were already paid five thousand dollars for six months' services in the year. The farmers of Massachusetts are not less "the people," we suppose, than the denizens of the worst quarters of the towns, and those farmers have spoken in a manner that General BUTLER will not forget. The result is a victory of the people, in the best sense, over the intrigues of a ring of office-holders and the tricks of an unscrupulous politician. The Republicans of Massachusetts declare that they prefer modest fidelity and uprightness in public life to brazen arrogance and want of principle. So says the Bay State. So say we all, fellow-Republicans!

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

THE election in Maine shows the general political languor of an "off year," although the Republican majority shows the steady resolution of the people to have done with the Democratic party. Indeed, every thoughtful Democrat in the country must see how hopeless is the effort to prolong the party existence. Whatever may have been true of the Democratic party in another generation, it is known to the present only as the propagandist of human slavery and the instigator of a cruel civil war. It will never be accepted as the legitimate opposition party, and in its old form need give the Republicans no alarm. But its membership constitutes one of the elements of an opposition, the union of which it is the Republican policy to prevent. And the secret of prevention is good measures and good men.

The New York Republican Convention, which meets on the 24th of September, has only to speak plainly and strongly, and to nominate candidates who ought to be elected, to secure the hearty support of the people of the State. The "Liberals" of last year have been kicked out of the Democratic lines, and with their forces thus carefully reduced, the Democratic voters can have very little stomach for the fight. If they still had TWEED and his Tammany Ring to supply any majority that might be needed, their spirits might be cheered. But as the election will be tolerably honest, they can have no hope. They will put forth a beautiful platform, full of all the virtues, and the cold disregard of the people of the State will be explicable only upon the theory that they do not believe a word of it. There are STUARTS in politics as well as BOURBONS, and when combined, as in the Ohio Democracy, the result is as instructive as it is ludicrous.

One subject upon which a forcible expression from the New York Republican Convention would be most effective at this time and in this State is that to which the Massachusetts Convention vigorously called attention. It is the activity of the national office-holders in politics. Their right as citizens to take part in politics is of course not questionable. But their coercion of any citizen by the hope or fear arising from the distribution of patronage is not to be endured. But this very kind of activity is not unknown even in this State, and it is no more tolerable here than elsewhere. It is, indeed, the inevitable result of the old system of the civil service, for places in that service are held to be the legitimate reward of that activity. While the evil, therefore, should be unsparingly denounced, the remedy should be as stringently urged. As long as the party sanctions the perversion of patronage, it can not logically complain of the consequences. Those who sneer at the practicability or desirability of reform in the methods of appointment must not protest against the presence and dictation at every Convention of a cohort of office-holders, and may very properly consider whether they would not save themselves much trouble and expense by leaving the entire management of political affairs to that energetic body. Last year every Republican State Convention uttered a sonorous note upon the necessity of reform, and the National Convention gave no uncertain sound. This year not one Convention, except that of last week in Massachusetts, has alluded to the subject.

New York is an imperial State. The voice of its Republicans will be heard and heeded. Let them speak as frankly as their brethren in New England have spoken. Let the Republican representatives of New York peremptorily resent the interference of office-holders as such in their deliberations. Let the Convention raise a battle-cry that will be echoed from the heart as well as repeated upon the lips of the best and purest men in the country. Then, with candidates who are worthy representatives of the character and traditions of the party, we shall not only win the victory, but win it with self-respect and enthusiasm.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

Now that the danger of another Black Friday appears to have vanished with the failure of the gold clique, it is possible to form some calculations with regard to the monetary future. So long as one man or set of men owned all the gold in the city, it was idle to attempt to forecast the future. If people had gone on selling phantom gold to the clique, a corner would have ensued as a matter of course, and a general panic would probably have followed. Happily, speculators ceased to sell gold short, merchants bought instead of borrowing, the clique found themselves unable to carry their gold without a short interest, and liquidation became inevitable. From that moment affairs resumed a natural aspect, and it became possible at least to form a conjecture with regard to the future of commerce and the money market, in the light of past experience and in view of existing facts.

Of these facts the most conspicuous is the abundance of the crops, both North and South. As usual, complaints are heard of excessive rains and caterpillars in some sections of the South. But both at the Agricultural Bureau and on the New York and New Orleans exchanges the cotton crop is estimated as being more likely to exceed than to fall short of four million bales. The Western wheat crop will probably prove the largest ever harvested. In a few sections some partial failure of the corn crop has been reported, but the damage can not have been serious, or the markets would have reflected it. Corn has only risen about five cents a bushel in the past sixty days, though we have ascertained during that period that the food crops of Europe are all short, and the foreign demand has become so pressing that shippers have paid for freight to Liverpool as much as twenty-five and thirty cents a bushel in gold—much more than the Western farmer received for growing the grain. As compared with last year, the cotton crop is ten to twelve days late, but the Western crops are at least a fortnight earlier than usual. It was not till the last week of September last year that Chicago ordered currency from New York. This year exchange on New York fell on 1st September to $1 50 discount, and some six millions of currency were shipped West accordingly. As usual when the harvest is good, the fall trade in the great cities promises well. For the first time in several years the dry-goods trade is confessedly prosperous, and the heavy grocers seem likely to recover this fall at least a portion of the losses they have made during the past two years in teas, coffees, and sugar.

Thus far every thing looks well and bright. Large crops and good trade mean general prosperity and individual well-being. They imply plenty in the farmer's house, active traffic on the railways, profuse living in the great cities. They are harbingers of flush times. If they should not be so now, the only reason will be that we may have been living too fast during the past ten years, and mortgaging the future more heavily than it will bear.

For, after all, Micawber's rule applies as well to nations as to individuals. Neither can spend on luxuries or permanent improvements more than their surplus income without risk of ruin. If Jones, with $10,000 a year, spends $15,000, either in living or in building a wing to his house, he must borrow $5000, and some day, if he can not pay, he is a lost man. If the people of the United States have an income, over and above their expenses, of five hundred millions, and they spend on extravagance and on works of permanent improvement a thousand millions, they must run in debt five hundred millions to some people less extravagant or less enterprising than themselves, and some day they must pay the debt or fail. It is, of course, impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy either the sum of money which the people of the United States make by their labor each year over and above their expenses, or the sum which they waste in luxury or invest permanently in new cities, railroads, canals, mines, and industrial enterprises; and consequently no one can say for a certainty that they are living beyond their income. But as they are, and have been for years, persistent borrowers at high rates of interest from foreign nations, as they are building railways at the rate of eight thousand miles a year, at a cost of some four hundred millions for this one branch of public improvements alone, the spasms to which the money market has lately been subject and the recent failures in Wall Street may well suggest prudence and circumspection. Treasury statistics cheer us with the information that our imports are twenty millions less, while our exports are forty millions more than last year. But the department reckons the imports at their invoiced valuation—which is often as far from their market value as the Tax Commissioners' appraisements of real estate are from its price under the hammer—and it takes no account of the movement of bonds, stocks, and coupons.

If we have been spending more than our income—it matters not on what—we must beware of the day of reckoning. So long as we could sell bonds to Europe we could bridge over the difficulty; but for more than a year negotiations have been growing more and more difficult. Money has lately been borrowed in London by the New York Central and Pennsylvania Central Railway companies, but the new Western enterprises have not been so fortunate. More than one new enterprise has been unable to meet its interest promptly, and the default has injured American credit generally. The distrust thus created has been greatly aggravated by the unjustifiable raid upon the Union Pacific Railway instituted in the name of the United States government; and now foreign bankers report that it is absolutely useless to send new bonds to London, Frankfort, or Amsterdam.

Our own financial institutions are not in a condition to help embarrassed enterprises. While our population has increased twenty per cent. and our trade forty per cent. in the past ten years, our wretched legal tender currency has remained hide-bound at the same fixed limit. The consequence of this state of affairs may be seen in the following table, which shows, in millions, the condition of the New York city banks in the first week in September for the past six years:

	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	1872.	1873.
Loans	271	262	271	307	287	288
Deposits	207	191	200	249	213	213
Specie	16	17	18	12	13	22
Legal Tenders	65	55	49	68	49	38

It is a sorry exhibit. In six years—years of great general prosperity, of vastly increased production and population—the city bank deposits have only increased about three per cent., while their legal tender strength has decreased forty-five per cent. If the drain to the South and West this fall should prove as heavy as last year, the banks might run down to a point which would tempt a run upon them for greenbacks. Of course in such a case the government would come to the rescue with its reserve of forty-four millions of legal tenders. But what permanent relief could come of such quack remedies? Money would not have commanded such monstrous rates last April if the Treasury had not issued greenbacks in the October previous. There can be no real stability in business, and no security against periodical money famines, until Congress takes some practical step toward the restoration of specie payments.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steamer *Tigress*, sent in search of the survivors of the Hall arctic expedition, succeeded in finding their last winter's camp off Littleton Island, near Cape York, Greenland, but none of the crew were found. It was further ascertained that the *Polaris* sunk off the same island in June last. The search was continued.

The *Daily Graphic* balloon, the ascension of which was looked for from the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, on the 12th inst., by more than 20,000 spectators, at fifty cents a head, fell to pieces for their entertainment, when only partially inflated. The cotton fabric of which the balloon was made was so rotten that it could be pulled into shreds by the fingers of a child. A good deal of indignation was manifested by the disappointed sight-seers, who felt themselves further aggrieved by having their tickets returned to them, "good for the *next* ascension," as they passed from the grounds.

General E. S. M'Cook, Territorial Secretary of Dakota, was shot in the breast and killed on the 11th inst., at Yankton, by P. P. Wintermute, a broker. It appears that the general had chastised his assassin, who threatened to be revenged for the act. Subsequently the parties encountered at a public railroad meeting, and, after a passage of words between them, Wintermute drew a pistol and shot M'Cook, the ball entering near the left shoulder, severing an artery. The wounded man lingered till the next morning, when he died.

Governor Washburn has been renominated by the Republicans of Massachusetts. General Butler, the opposition candidate before the Convention, withdrew his name prior to the vote.

Several hundred citizens of Greenfield, Massachusetts, called upon Governor Washburn at his home, on the 11th inst., to congratulate him upon his renomination.

The yellow fever is epidemic in Shreveport, Louisiana, and business is suspended. The place has been almost entirely deserted, and railroad communication has ceased. The fever is of the malignant type, and in no case yields to treatment. Men have fallen dead in the streets, so sudden and fatal were the attacks.

Nebraska took the first premium for fruits at the Boston Exhibition.

Anshi Chesed, a new Jewish temple in Lexington Avenue, in this city, was dedicated on the 12th inst.

The Geneva award of $15,500,000 in gold was paid by the British government to the United States at Washington on the 9th inst.

There was a frost on Sunday night, 7th inst., in many parts of Illinois.

The President has appointed Alexander P. Shepherd to be Governor of the District of Columbia, in place of Henry D. Cooke, resigned.

Judge T. S. Crawford and District-Attorney Arthur H. Harris were murdered near Winnsborough, Louisiana, on the 9th inst., by a gang of outlaws.

A large fire occurred in Baltimore on the 10th inst., destroying the Holiday Street Theatre, St. Nicholas Hotel, and several other buildings.

A mass-meeting in favor of cheap transportation was held at the Cooper Institute on the 10th inst. Mayor Havemeyer presided, and addresses were delivered by influential speakers.

An extra issued by the Pleasant Hill (Nebraska) *News* says the jail at that place was burned early on Tuesday morning, 9th inst., and all its inmates, four in number, perished in the flames. It is supposed the building was fired by one of the prisoners in order to effect his escape, but the flames spread so rapidly that he was suffocated.

The Cincinnati Exposition has thus far been a great success. Over 96,000 visitors attended during the first eight days. There are sixteen departments, all of them full, and highly creditable to the exhibitors.

The Oregon Republican State Convention, at Albany, has adjourned. Hiram Smith, of Lynn County, has been nominated for Congress. A resolution was adopted expressing confidence in Senator J. H. Mitchell.

Charles C. Talbot, who was appointed Postmaster of Brooklyn in place of Samuel Booth, resigned, has been formally informed of his appointment, and his official bond sent to him for execution. He will enter upon his duties on the 1st of October.

More Indian outrages have taken place in the Southwest. On the 7th inst. a band of Indians stole thirty horses from cattle drivers near Lipan Springs, and Juan Shabar, a Mexican, was killed at the Pecas mail station, also by Indians, who carried off two horses and twelve mules. It is reported that Alberto Garcia and three others of the Guerrero band of thieves were killed near Sabinas, in Mexico, while gambling.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE members of the new Spanish Ministry are as follows: President, without a portfolio, Señor Castelar; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Carvajal; Minister of Justice, Señor Debrio; Minister of Finance, Señor Pedregal; Minister of Public Works, Señor Berges; Minister of War, Lieutenant-General Sanchez Bregna; Minister of the Marine, Señor Oreiro; Minister of the Interior, Señor Maisonave; Minister of the Colonies, Señor Soler.—President Castelar has decided to call out 150,000 reserves and 500,000 militia to crush the revolutionists.—Señor Salmeron has been elected President of the Cortes, and extraordinary powers have been granted to the government by that body.

An accident occurred on the railroad between Vittoria and Madrid on the 12th inst., by which six persons were killed and thirty-two wounded.

The war news from Spain shows but little change in fortune on either side during the week. A body of Intransigentes made a sortie from Cartagena on Thursday, but failing in their attempt to pierce the line of the besieging force, they returned to the city. A number of cannon and other munitions of war for the Carlists have been landed at Lesqueito, on the coast of Biscay. The republican General Turon is about to enter on a campaign in Catalonia with a force of 10,000 men.

It is reported that Earl Granville has told the representative of Spain in London that the British government insists on the liberation of the officers and crew captured on board the steam-yacht *Deerhound*.

Prince Charles Esterhazy, only son of the late Prince Esterhazy, the eminent Austrian statesman, has committed suicide.

The German soldiers evacuated Verdun on the 12th inst. There was great public rejoicing, and in the evening the town was illuminated.

A conference of European and American jurisconsults, which was in session in the city of Ghent for several days, has organized as a permanent institute of international law. Three subjects have been discussed, viz., international arbitration, the three rules of the Washington Treaty, and the codification and adoption by treaty of regulations relative to private property in time of war. The conference appointed a committee to draw up and issue a manifesto, and adjourned to meet at Geneva next year.

The Canadian Pacific Railway scandal investigation is still going on before the Dominion commissioners. Some of the testimony is very damaging.

A party of Mormon emigrants in Paris have been forbidden by the police to hold public meetings under penalty of expulsion from the city.

The recent great fire in Havana has rendered nearly 2500 persons homeless. An appeal is made to the people of the United States for their relief.

The work of laying a cable from the California coast to China and Japan is now in course of preparation.

An accident occurred on the Southwestern Railway, near Guildford, England, on the 9th inst., by which three persons were killed and several injured.

The English bark *Prospero* has been wrecked off Bahia, Brazil.

The German government has invested $17,000,000 in United States five per cent. bonds.

The British consuls in Germany, France, Italy, and Russia report an increase of the cholera in those countries.

GLOUCESTER HARBOR.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 854.]

THE PHILADELPHIA MASONIC TEMPLE.

THE Masonic fraternity of Pennsylvania have erected in Philadelphia a magnificent hall, or temple, of which we give an illustration on this page. As a specimen of architecture it reflects great credit on the order, and is an ornament to the city in which it is located. Its internal arrangements are admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. Besides the large hall for the yearly communications of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, it contains a Grand Chapter-room, an Asylum for the Knights Templar, a banquet-hall, and a number of rooms for the accommodation of Philadelphia lodges and chapters. There is also a spacious and beautiful library-room for the use of members of the order. Though intended to be principally devoted to works relating to Freemasonry and the arts and sciences, the library contains a large number of miscellaneous publications, including such standard works as the writings of PRESCOTT, HALLAM, MACAULAY, CLARKE, MOTLEY, IRVING, SHAKSPEARE, HUME, FRANKLIN, and others. The collection of works relating to Freemasonry is already very large, and it is the intention to make it one of the most complete in the world.

This superb structure was thrown open for inspection on the 6th inst., when it was brilliantly illuminated, and thousands of visitors thronged its spacious halls. With the exception of the magnificent Masonic temple in our own city, which is to be dedicated next June, it is perhaps the finest Masonic building in the United States, if not in the world. The dedication of this splendid edifice has occasioned a fresh outbreak of anti-Masonic demonstrations from those who are opposed to the order. At a conference held in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia the Rev. Mr. BLANCHARD, of Wheaton College, Illinois, arraigned its principles and practices as dangerous to Christianity and civil liberty, and a committee was appointed to arrange for a course of lectures against all secret organizations, and Freemasonry in particular, to be delivered during the coming winter.

The arrangements for the grand inaugural parade of the fraternity are now completed. It is expected that there will be thirty thousand Freemasons in line, with about one hundred bands. Some of the visiting lodges will be in regalia, as will the officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and members of sister grand lodges, many of whom have signified their intention to be present. The procession will be under command of the Grand Marshal, GEORGE W. WOOD, Esq., assisted by a large number of special aids. Each lodge will be commanded by a marshal and two aids, who will carry out the orders of the masters of lodges.

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE IN PHILADELPHIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. NEWELL & SON.]

AMATEUR NATURALISTS.

THERE is nothing in the world prettier than a tastefully arranged case of butterflies and moths; and it is within the reach of every one who spends a few weeks of the summer and early fall in the country to secure, with a slight outlay of money and trouble, a collection which may be a source of pleasure for years. The only implements required are a light gauze net, mounted in the manner shown in our illustration, a small phial of ether or chloroform, a paper of pins, and a wide, shallow box. By means of the net, skillfully used, the pretty victims can be secured without injury to their delicate wings while they are resting on or hovering over the flowers on which they feed. A single drop of ether applied to the head destroys life without damaging the beautiful tints of the wings, and then, by gentle handling, they can be secured with pins to the bottom of the box. It is necessary that the wings should be spread open and fastened in that position before drying, as this can not be done when they have once stiffened.

Although our Northern butterflies are not so brilliant in color as those of tropical climates, yet very beautiful varieties are to be found here. One hardly knows, until he undertakes to make a collection, how many varieties may be met with in our fields, or what lovely effects of color may be secured by a tasteful arrangement of the different species. Those who are curious in these matters, and desirous of making collections, will find abundant directions in a little book called *The Butterfly Hunters*, published by OSGOOD & Co., in Boston. In this work are given the names of all the varieties of butterfly and moth which frequent the meadows of our Northern States, together with directions for making nets, and the best means for securing the specimens without injury to their delicate, downy wings. The pursuit has the charm that it can be prosecuted without inflicting pain on the beautiful short-lived little creatures, while a collection, properly secured under glass in an air-tight case, will last for years.

Butterflies and luna moths are not the only prey of the amateur naturalist. Our fields are full of bright-colored, hard-cased insects, which make a brilliant show when tastefully arranged under glass. They can be killed by the application of ether, like the butterflies, and secured by means of pins in shallow cases, which, in every instance, must be made absolutely air-tight, to prevent the intrusion of dust and the invasion of moths. Many a beautiful collection has been lost through neglect of this precaution. By lining the bottom of the box with white paper before the specimens are put in, their names can be written under each one. This adds greatly to the value and interest of the collection, especially for the purpose of study.

AMATEUR NATURALISTS.—[DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.]

PERSONAL.

HERE is a pleasant story of the Rev. Dr. STONE, the immediate predecessor in the pulpit of the Rev. Adirondack MURRAY. Dr. STONE, whose church was in Boston, resided in the beautiful suburb known as Brookline. Fond of a good horse, and owning a fine turn-out, he was accustomed to drive into town every Sunday, and used to maintain that the ride gave freshness and life to his ministrations in the pulpit. One stormy winter Sabbath morning he overtook a respectably dressed young woman slowly plodding through the snowy street, carefully holding under her closely wrapped cloak what seemed to be a baby. The doctor, always gallant, stopped his horse, and politely offered to give her a place in his comfortable sleigh, at the same time mentioning his name and profession, and adding that he admired the courage and zeal which impelled her to walk to church with her baby on such a stormy day. Slightly embarrassed, she still accepted his invitation. "Let me take the child till you get in," said the courteous doctor. "Thank you, Sir," said the young woman, with a blush and a laugh, "but—*it's a pot of baked beans!*" The doctor accepted the situation, joined in the laugh, and drove the good housewife to her own door.

—The London journals publish some extracts from the will of the late JOHN STUART MILL, which are interesting and characteristic of the man. The original will was made in 1853, and by it he bequeathed all his property to his wife, since dead, and in the event of her dying in his lifetime, to his step-daughter, Miss HELEN TAYLOR. A codicil, dated February 14, 1872, revokes all previous dispositions, names Miss TAYLOR sole executor, and gives her the whole estate, real and personal. She is to be literary executor also, with full power to edit all or any of his works, and publish all or any of his manuscripts as she may think fit. Then comes this paragraph about his autobiography:

"And whereas in these days no one is secure against attempts to make money by means of pretended biographies, I therefore think it necessary to state that I have written a short account of my life, which I leave to the absolute charge of my said step-daughter, Miss HELEN TAYLOR, to be published or not at her will and discretion, and, in the event of her death in my lifetime, to the charge and control of WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, on condition that he publishes the same within two years of my decease. And I hereby declare that all papers and materials available for an account of my life are in the possession of my said step-daughter, and of her only, and that no other person has such knowledge of either my literary or private life as would qualify him or her to write my biography."

Had Miss TAYLOR died before him the estate would have gone as follows:

"To members of his wife's family and his own he leaves legacies to the amount of £9000; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, £500; to the Land Tenure Reform Association, £500; to any one university in Great Britain or Ireland that shall be the first to open its degrees to women, £3000; and to the same university a further sum of £3000 to endow scholarships for female students exclusively."

In that case Mr. W. T. THORNTON and Mr. W. ELLIS would have been executors, but his copyrights were to pass to Mr. JOHN MORLEY, editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, "to be applied in aid of some periodical publication which shall be open to the expression of all opinions, and which shall have all its articles signed with the names of its writers." It is to be noted also that Mr. THORNTON was enjoined to publish the autobiography absolutely, and no discretion left to him as to Miss TAYLOR. The whole personal property is estimated at $70,000. The autobiography is in the hands of the printers, and will be out in October.

—A Philadelphia gentleman, recently at Athens, attended a session of the national legislature of Greece. Most of the members are dressed like other Europeans, though some wear the fustinella, which looks at a little distance like a butcher's shirt. Some smoke, some walk about, and all speak at once. The question before the House was upon granting a pension to the widow of MARCO BOZZARIS, and the votes were deposited in a singular-looking tin box, with the word nai (yes) on one side, and ochi (no) on the other side. The Greeks seem to be thorough republicans. They have no orders of nobility, and say that but for fear of trouble with other powers they would not keep a king. From economical motives they have abolished their foreign embassies, and complain of the expense of royalty.

—Our European exchanges are filled with comments on the discovery said to have been made by Mr. SCHLIERMANN of the treasures left behind by old Priam on the occasion of his hasty departure from Troy. His discoveries are said to be interesting and important. Mr. SCHLIERMANN is not a native of Germany, as might be supposed from his name, nor is he a doctor or professor of a university. His nationality is American. Originally intended for commercial pursuits, he found opportunities to learn French, English, Dutch, Russian, and other languages. Having established himself in St. Petersburg, he traded with the extreme East, and his fortune was rapidly acquired. At the same time he studied modern and ancient Greek, and he became passionately fond of classical antiquity. A few years ago he established himself in Paris, having made an intimate acquaintance with many of our learned men, although not making claims himself to being a savant. His book, *Rhaca and Peloponnesus*, in the beginning of which will be found his biography, breathes a naïve faith. It was subsequent to his stay in Paris that he devoted all his time and his large fortune to this enterprise. His chief aid in the undertaking has been his wife, an Athenian woman, to whom he had communicated his enthusiasm.

—Marshal O'DONNELL, when on his dying bed, being asked by the priest if he forgave his enemies, faintly replied, "I haven't any; shot them all."

—The estate of the late STEPHEN GIRARD has been managed with such discretion, and has so appreciated in value, that the trustees propose to increase the college facilities so as to accommodate a much larger number of pupils.

—Mr. WILLIAM C. THURSTON recently celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday at Newport, Rhode Island, by a family reunion. The united ages of the three eldest guests present amounted to two hundred and seventy years.

—It is currently reported in Salt Lake City that GEORGE G. CANNON, the Mormon delegate to Congress, has secretly obtained divorces from all three of his wives. He has taken the step to avoid trouble next winter in being admitted to a seat in the House of Representatives, it having been understood that an effort would be made to keep him out on the ground that he is a polygamist.

—Sir HENRY HOLLAND, the eminent English physician, has all his life been a consistent advocate of "change of air and scene," as essential to good health and longevity. His practice coincides with his precept. At the age of eighty-five—itself a proof of the soundness of the prescription—Sir HENRY has recently started on his annual two months' tour, his destination this autumn being Nijni-Novgorod. He has never lost a patient, though he has lived to preserve many, by his wanderings, which, as is well known, include eight voyages to the United States and Canada, one to Jamaica, four tours over the East, three to Algeria, two in Russia, several visits to Sweden and Norway, and one to Iceland.

—A correspondent of the Atlanta (Georgia) *Herald* tells the following anecdote of ex-President JOHNSON: "ANDY JOHNSON is as big a demagogue as ever. A countryman came into town last week with a bundle of jeans to have a suit of clothes made for his negro. He saw ANDY standing on the corner, and said, 'Well, ANDY, you used to be the best tailor in these parts, and I wish you'd cut out this suit of clothes for my boy JIM here.' 'All right,' says ANDY, and they stepped into a shop near by, and in five minutes an ex-President might have been seen swinging round the circle of a negro, taking his latitude, longitude, and bearings for a suit of clothes. ANDY is very ambitious, but whether such tomfoolery as this will get him into the Senate is more than any one can tell."

—SHAKSPEARE, being "not for a day, but for all time," is still a live subject for a personal. Some time ago Mr. J. O. HALLIWELL had the good fortune to discover a remarkable and unique series of documents respecting the two theatres with which the poet was connected. They included even lists of the original proprietors and sharers. SHAKSPEARE'S name does not occur in those lists. Mr. HALLIWELL has now printed the text of those passages in which the great dramatist is expressly mentioned—notices far more interesting than any thing of the kind yet brought to light. The sons of JAMES BURBAGE are speaking in an affidavit. They tell us that, after relinquishing their theatrical speculations in Shoreditch, they "built the Globe with summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres, and to ourselves wee joyned those deserveing men, SHAKSPERE, HEMINGS, CONDALL, PHILLIPS, and others, partners in the profittes of that they call the House." As to the Blackfriars they say: "Our father purchased it at extreame rates, and made it into a play-house with great charge and troble, which after was leased out to one EVANS, that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell. In processe of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, it was considered that house would be as fitt for ourselves, and soe purchased the lease remaining from EVANS with our money, and placed men players, which were HEMINGS, CONDALL, SHAKSPEARE, and RICHARD BURBAGE." These important evidences contradict all recent theories and opinions respecting SHAKSPEARE'S business connection with the theatres.

—A curious document has just been sold in Paris—the license granted by the Commune of Paris to LOUIS-PHILIPPE-JOSEPH BOURBON, *ci-devant* Duc d'Orleans, at his own demand, and to his posterity, to bear the surname of *Egalité*.

—It will gratify the many friends of Senator SUMNER to learn that his health is quite robust. The Boston *Globe* says that recently, when on his way with Mr. LONGFELLOW to visit Mr. WHITTIER, the Senator drove to the old LONGFELLOW homestead in Newbury, Massachusetts, which is still occupied by a WILLIAM LONGFELLOW (which was the name of the first settler), and then to Major POORE'S Indian Hill farm in West Newbury, taking, during the day, a drive of thirty miles, and returning to Nahant at night. The next day he returned to Boston, and went out to East Walpole, twenty miles from Boston, to the wedding of Miss FANNY BIRD, the eldest daughter of Mr. F. W. BIRD, and returned to the city at night. This will show how greatly his health has improved since last winter; indeed, the *Globe* says that now he feels capable of much work, and even of public speaking, to which he has urgent invitations that he has not yet decided to accept. He expects to take his usual share in the business of the Senate next winter.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

IT is now nearly thirty years since the first Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held in the city of London. It was presided over by Sir CULLING EARDLEY SMITH, and was attended by some of the most distinguished American clergymen of that day. Among the Germans present was Dr. THOLUCK. Since then conferences have been held in Paris, Berlin, Geneva, and Amsterdam. They have all been occasions of great interest. The present assembly was originally intended for the year 1870, but was postponed on account of the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war.

Fifty of the foreign delegates to the meeting of the Alliance in this city have, up to the time of this writing, already arrived. The Conference will open at Association Hall on the evening of October 2. A business meeting will be held at 10 A.M. each day. At 2 P.M. the Conference will divide into three sections, which will assemble, one in the Hall, another in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, and the third in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Public evening meetings will be held at Dr. HEPWORTH'S church and the Academy of Music.

Most tenderly and by loving hands was Dr. JOHN TODD, so long known as preacher and author, laid in his grave. On the day of his funeral all business in Pittsfield was suspended. Stores were closed, and the population of the neighboring country flocked to the Congregational Church. The address was delivered by Dr. HOPKINS, of Williamstown.

Few men in the United States were better known or more thoroughly respected than Dr. TODD. He had the ear of the great public. His *Student's Manual* won its way directly to the hearts of young men. He had, in an eminent degree, the art of presenting truth in a striking form. His last message to his church, sent on a Sabbath evening, contained this beautiful passage: "Tell them that I have unwavering faith in Christ and his salvation, and that I am waiting and hoping for light from the eternal world. I want to see that light, and think I shall. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' And so I stand at the gate, like a little child, waiting for it to open to give me a glimpse of the glory."

A pilgrimage to a religious shrine by railway and steam-ship makes a curious confusion of ideas. In olden times the pilgrim was equipped with staff and sandals, and traveled wearily on foot. The painfulness of the journey was much of its merit. Now the party going from England to Paray-le-Monial are ticketed to reach Paris on Tuesday evening, and to proceed to the sanctuary by special train on Wednesday morning. Thursday they will perform their devotions, and on Friday start for home by special train, reaching London on Saturday. It would only need the addition of "PULLMAN palace cars" to make the incongruity of the old and the new complete.

The village of Ammergau has profited by the Passion Play, which has drawn to it so many strangers from both the Old World and the New. A correspondent of an English paper thus describes its present appearance: "It is certainly a pattern village. On the wall of each house is a painting of some Biblical scene; the carved wood-work over the doorway and round the windows is often of singular finish and artistic excellence, and all along the street gay garden plots exhibit a wealth of bright flowers. In the church-yard a fine monument has been erected to the eight villagers who fell in the Franco-German war—all but one of whom, as it happened, had taken parts, though subordinate ones, in the Passion Play. Here, industriously knitting on a big seat in the street, is Frau VEIT, well known to all our countrymen who have been here, who proceeds to introduce me to a whole cabinet of *souvenirs* presented to her by her English lodgers. From her I speedily have news of the Ammergauers. JOSEPH MAIR, the 'Christus,' was specially favored by the King, and instead of being sent to the war, was merely kept to garrison duty in Munich. He is now back at his trade of wood-carving, and is fully occupied by the orders which he gets from England. ZWINK ('St. John') is now training with his regiment. The King had been so delighted with the performance that he had given orders for the sculpture, for presentation to the village, of a colossal group of 'Christ,' 'the Virgin,' and 'St. John,' which was now being executed, and would be inaugurated next year with an imposing ceremonial, including tableaux like those of the Passion Play."

Professor J. H. SEELYE, of Amherst, whose visit to India we have already noticed, estimates that there are not more than one thousand members of the Brahmo-Somaj, the Church of which KESHUB CHUNDER SEN is the most conspicuous representative. Its influence he considers to be on the wane. This is not at all surprising. KESHUB CHUNDER is a religious eclectic, and therefore a critic of existing faiths rather than a founder of a new one. Criticism alone will not establish a religion; there must be something to be believed, and men must believe it with all their strength.

The English expedition for the exploration of Palestine has published a statement of its results accomplished up to a recent date. It will be remembered that the English explorers have taken for their field the west side of the *Jordan*, or Palestine proper, and the American the east side, or the land of Moab. Its work so far is topographical. "An area of more than 1600 square miles has been trigonometrically surveyed, with 'Ordnance' accuracy, and laid down in maps to the 'Ordnance' scale of an inch to a mile; the names of the places—not only the villages, but the ruins, tombs, hills, mounds, clumps of trees—carefully collected and written down by a competent Arab scholar from the mouths of the people; the elevations observed, and generally every thing done that the 'Ordnance' surveyors of the present day do to make their work thoroughly complete."

The area surveyed is about three-elevenths of the whole field taken in hand. Among other work accomplished is the exploration of Cæsarea, and the tracing of its aqueduct for six miles.

Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, the Quaker orator, will have, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the patronage of forty-one livings in the Established Church. Surely time brings its revenges.

The Roman Catholics of the First Ward of this city and of one of the wards of Brooklyn have made quite a demonstration upon the opening of their parish schools after summer vacation. It is their expectation that they will nearly empty the public schools in these wards. We doubt if they will. If they do, the school money saved thereby can be applied somewhere else. The right of each Church to establish schools is recognized by law, and will meet with no objection from the people, provided each Church pays its own bills. Should the Catholics claim exemption from the school tax on the ground that they educate their own children, the answer would be No! The State, as a matter of public policy, educates all its children not otherwise educated, and requires every citizen to bear his share of the cost. If the Catholics will take their children from the public schools, they will only leave so much more money for the education of other children of the State. They are precisely in the position of the Quakers, who, though opposed to war, yet cheerfully pay their share of the taxes imposed on all as a consequence of war. The State will never abandon public education, and all the people, without distinction, must help to pay for it.

Apropos of the confessional movement, the English papers are quoting a passage from JOHN HENRY NEWMAN'S history of his religious opinions, which, it is thought, throws light on the policy of the Romanizing party. When NEWMAN was *thinking* of going over to Rome he wrote to KEBLE, the poet, about surrendering his church living. KEBLE advised him to retain it, whereupon NEWMAN wrote him again: "The following considerations have much reconciled my feelings to your conclusions. *I do not think that we have yet made fair trial how much the English Church will bear.* I know it is a hazardous experiment—like proving cannon. Yet we must not take it for granted that the metal will burst in the operation. It has borne at various times, not to say at this time, a great infusion of Catholic truth without damage. As to the result—viz., whether this process will not approximate the whole English Church, as a body, to Rome—that is nothing to us. For what we know, it may be the providential means of uniting the whole Church in one, without fresh schismatizing or use of private judgment."

Since the date of this letter the Established Church has been the subject of numerous experiments, and it really does look now as if the cannon would burst.

The example of Christian benevolence is contagious. Mr. PEABODY'S munificence in England and America has found a parallel in the gift of Mr. JAMES BAIRD, of Auchmedden, Scotland, of $2,500,000, to be used for purposes "strictly connected with the Established Church of Scotland." The trust deed of the donor directs the annual income from this fund to be applied to the relief of the poor through the operations of the Church. Mr. BAIRD is one of the firm of BAIRDS of Gartsherrie, Scotland, who have acquired immense wealth from iron and coal mines.

Dr. LITTLEDALE, whose classification of the bishops and deans of the Church of England has already been noticed, undertakes to distribute the whole body of the clergy among the different schools of belief. Of the 20,000 clergymen of the Establishment he allots 10,000 to the High-Church division, 5000 to the Low-Church, 3000 to the "colorless or nondescript" class, and 2000 to the Broad-Church wing. The resident canons he classifies as twenty-five High-Church, thirty Low-Church, sixty-one "colorless," and fourteen Broad-Church. Of the 187 positions of honor in the Establishment he concludes that the Low-Church party has about its full share, the High-Church too few (thirty-seven instead of ninety-three), the "colorless" too many (eighty instead of twenty-seven). Of course all this is estimate, and may be partisan, but it has its value nevertheless.

Should the Old Catholic movement be a success, it will effect a restoration of the rights of the people in the Church which will of itself be a most important innovation. Bishop REINKENS claims in his pastoral that the only legitimate election of a bishop is that which is effected jointly by the clergy and the laity. He charges upon the Romish hierarchy that they "have made a pasture for themselves out of the people," and that they have accomplished this "through their constant representation that they themselves are the Church, and that all valid rights, possessions, and promises of the Church are bound up in the persons of the Pope and the bishops."

This is a declaration of war against a primary principle of Romanism, viz., that the clergy are divinely authorized to govern the Church without the intervention of the laity. It is an important step of progress.

The account which we published a few weeks since of the anniversary of the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," at which masses were celebrated, proves to have been correct. The report of its proceedings first appeared in the *Church Times*, of London, from which it was copied by papers on this side. The *Church Journal* of this city, from the evidence of the letters printed in its columns, concludes: "1. The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament is organized to propagate the worship of Christ present in the elements, and prayers for the dead, especially 'with intention' at communion. 2. It intends to familiarize the Church with Romish names—'vespers,' for instance, for Evening Prayer; 'mass,' high, low, etc., for Communion, 'celebrant,' 'crucifer,' etc."

The publication of these facts has created no little excitement.

The project of an American pilgrimage to some shrine in France, or to the Vatican, or to the Holy Land, is mooted. It would require time and a sea-voyage. The Catholic unions are taking up the subject with zeal.

The Roman Catholics of Ireland are rejoicing in the completion of their cathedral at Armagh, which was dedicated on the 24th of August by the primate, Dr. M'GETTIGAN. Father BURKE was expected to preach a sermon on the evening of the dedication day. This edifice was commenced in 1840, and has consequently been thirty-three years in building. It is not, however, extraordinarily large, its total length being 210 feet, and greatest width 112 feet. Armagh is also the seat of an Anglican archbishopric, and has a Protestant cathedral, which is pronounced "a gem of architecture."

The suppression of the religious corporations in the city of Rome has brought out the facts in relation to their incomes. Here are some: "The papal revenue from religious houses amounts to $600,000, while that from churches, convents, parishes, colleges and church offices amounts to $240,000. The revenue of St. Peter's is $96,200; of St. John Lateran, $32,400; and of St. Maria Maggiore, $31,200. The monks of St. Peter in Vinculis have a net revenue of $7400; of St. Barnabas, $6400; and of St. Vincent de Paul, $6000. The Benedictines of St. Cabixtus have an income of $19,600; the Oratorians, $16,800; the St. Augustines, $14,000; the Franciscans, $11,000; the Jesuits, $9000; and the Dominicans of St. Minerva, $8400."

As an illustration of the extent to which ecclesiastical intelligence "has come to the front" in the general presentation of news by the press, the following story is quite in point: The Wesleyan Conference at Newcastle was held at the time of a great boat-race on the Tyne. The day after the race two travelers in a railway carriage were overheard commenting thus:

TRAVELER (*to his mate*). "Has t'u seen t' *Chronicle*?"

MATE. "Noa! What for?"

TRAVELER. "Times is changed! There's three columns to t' Conference, and nobbut one and a hafe to t' boat-race."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE distinguished aeronaut, Mr. SAMUEL A. KING, intends during September to make an interesting balloon voyage from Buffalo, New York. For this purpose he is building a large balloon to replace the *Mammoth*, which was destroyed by the recent great fire in Boston. It is Mr. KING's purpose to make the longest overland voyage, if circumstances favor, ever yet accomplished. It is no part of his plan to go out over the ocean, nor to explore the polar sea, but he expects to be able to settle something about the upper currents when he comes down. His voyage is undertaken wholly in the interest of science, and, in view of the extraordinary degree of attention now being drawn to the subject of meteorology, the results will be regarded as of much more than ordinary importance. From a communication made by Mr. KING in 1871 to the Washington Philosophical Society it appeared that out of 170 aerial voyages made by him during the past twenty-five years about twenty-five per cent. showed that the currents of the atmosphere were moving to the northeastward; a second twenty-five per cent. gave westerly currents; and a third gave northwesterly currents. The remaining forty voyages were about equally distributed among northerly, southerly, and easterly currents. Mr. KING's experience, therefore, agrees with that of most European aeronauts, who have repeatedly testified that there is no constant westerly current of air prevailing at any altitude above the earth's surface which they have been able to reach in their balloons.

Nature for July 31 contains a fifth communication by WYVILLE THOMSON in regard to discoveries of the *Challenger*, embracing an account of an interesting new crustacean (*Deidamia crucifer*). He remarks that on the 26th of March soundings were made at 3875 fathoms, and specimens of the bottom brought up, consisting of reddish mud containing a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime. The water was found to have a specific gravity slightly greater than is usual at great depths, but not materially so, and with a small excess of carbonic acid.

The dredge was sent down to the same depth, and brought up a large quantity of material, but no animal life was observed in it excepting various foraminifera with calcareous shells. This result confirmed the previous conviction that very extreme depths, while not inconsistent with the existence of animal life, are not favorable to its development.

Temperature observations showed the surface to be 76° F., and at 1500 fathoms 36.32°. The temperature at the very bottom could not be ascertained, as the pressure broke two thermometers used in the trial.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which was held in Portland, Maine, from the 20th to the 26th of August, inclusive, was one of the most successful of the series, whether we consider the number of specialists in attendance or the character of the papers presented. For two years past the meetings have been held in the West, that of 1871 at Indianapolis, and that of 1872 at Dubuque; and the long interval that had elapsed since the association was convened in the Eastern portion of the country had its natural effect in increasing the size of the recent meeting at Portland. Comparatively few of the specialists of the country who were at all able to attend failed to report themselves, although the Exposition at Vienna involved the absence of some eminent names that had heretofore been prominent at the meetings.

The local committee of arrangements discharged their functions in a very satisfactory manner, the city having proffered the use of the magnificent City Hall, in which all the accommodations that could possibly be desired were found under one roof. The officers of the Portland Natural History Society extended a welcome to the association, and freely threw open its museum and other apartments. Among the entertainments provided by the committee may be mentioned a public reception on the evening of the first day of the meeting; a lunch on Friday, which afforded a convenient opportunity for meeting the citizens socially; an excursion in Casco Bay and among the islands in the revenue cutter on Saturday; a general reception and clam-bake at Old Orchard Beach on the following Tuesday; an excursion to the White Mountains and back on Wednesday, after the regular exercises of the association had closed; an outside dredging excursion on the revenue cutter *M'Cullough* on Friday; and an excursion to St. John and back on one of the boats of the International Steam-ship Line for such as chose to avail themselves of it.

The more special business of the meeting was well relieved by these pleasant features, which tended better than any thing else to promote the formation and renewal of acquaintances among the members themselves as well as with the citizens of Portland.

The total number of members present was large, amounting to very nearly three hundred. One hundred and ten names were added to the list, bringing up the total membership at present to about seven hundred. A pleasant feature in the meeting was the presence of many naturalists actively employed in the vicinity in connection with the labors of the United States Fish Commission under Professor BAIRD and his associate, Professor VERRILL, having its headquarters on Peak's Island, in Casco Bay, about three miles from the city, as also of many members of the Anderson School of Natural History under Professor AGASSIZ, which had been in operation during the summer at Penikese.

The total number of papers amounted to one hundred and fifty-six, these, of course, varying in value, and while perhaps embodying nothing of very striking importance, contributing in a greater or less degree toward the sum of our knowledge. It is hardly to be expected that great discoveries in science should be reserved for presentation at such meetings, the desire of priority inducing their announcement, sometimes even by telegraph, as soon as made.

Reporters were present in full force, including not only those of the Portland press, but of the leading New York papers, especially of the *Tribune*, *World*, and *Times*. The *Tribune* reports, made under the immediate direction of one of its editors, W. C. WYCKOFF, were extremely full and satisfactory, and will, indeed, anticipate the official publication by the permanent secretary. It is understood that the daily reports and abstracts of this paper will be reproduced in a corrected and otherwise improved form, and embodied in one of the famous lecture or scientific extras that have given the *Tribune* so much reputation.

We gather the following summary of the weather for the week ending September 10 from the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office. An area of barometric depression has moved from the Northwest eastward over the Lake region to the Atlantic coast, accompanied by cloudy weather and rain over the districts named, and southward to the Ohio Valley and Virginia. This depression was followed by an area of high barometer, which, with low temperature, extended over the greater portion of the United States east of the Mississippi River. The rain-fall for the past week averages about as follows: For the St. Lawrence Valley, New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and the Lake region, about one-half inch; for the South Atlantic and Eastern Gulf States, one and a half inches; for the valleys of the Mississippi River and its tributaries, one-quarter inch, or less. The rivers have very generally fallen, the only exception being the Cumberland and the lowest portion of the Mississippi. The central and upper portions of the latter river have fallen about six inches, the Missouri has fallen about two feet, the Ohio about one foot.

The death of Professor JOHN LEWIS RUSSELL is announced as having taken place at Salem on the 7th of June, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Professor RUSSELL was well known as an ardent student of botany, and especially in the department of New England cryptogams, in which he was a recognized authority. He took much interest in the scientific societies of Salem, having been connected more or less with their foundation and administration during the active years of his life.

Professor WATSON, of Ann Arbor, telegraphs to the Detroit *Tribune*: "On July 24 I observed a star of the twelfth magnitude, which, on Saturday night last (August 16), was missing from the place where first seen. A little to the west I saw a star of the eleventh magnitude, which proves to be the new planet (number 133?), and at present I suppose it to be that seen July 24."

The sixth annual report of the trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, presented by Professor WYMAN, has lately been published, and we learn from it that the addition of a story to the Boylston Hall of Harvard College has permitted the exhibition of a portion of the rich treasures of the museum, leaving, however, to the erection of a special building, soon to be commenced, the final display of what in regard to Old World archæology is by far the richest collection in the country. This series, illustrating the stone age of Scandinavia, Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and other portions of Europe, is surpassed, if at all, by very few museums in the Old World.

The principal addition during the year in the way of Old World archæology consisted of the NICOLUCCI collection, composed principally of stone implements and crania, purchased and presented by Colonel THEODORE LYMAN. Some specimens were obtained by Mr. HENRY GILMAN in the course of explorations on the Detroit and St. Clair rivers, while a very large series was supplied from the researches of Professor C. F. HARTT in Brazil.

The funds of the museum appear to be in a satisfactory condition. The total endowment is given as $183,133.

Professor AGASSIZ has recently lost one of his most valuable assistants in the death of Dr. G. A. MAACK, on the 6th of August last, in the thirty-third year of his age. Dr. MAACK was a German by birth, and graduated at the University of Munich. Having manifested a great taste for natural history, he received an appointment from Professor AGASSIZ in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. He was connected with the museum for several years, during which time he was detailed by his chief to act as geologist of the Darien Isthmus exploring party, under Commander SELFRIDGE, and also prosecuted similar researches in Brazil and elsewhere in South America. He was specially charged with the osteological collection of the Cambridge Museum, which he managed with great ability.

We learn from *Nature* that the English steamer conveying the German African exploring expedition to Congo has been wrecked off Sierra Leone, with a loss of all the effects and the scientific instruments of those on board. Fortunately, however, no lives were lost; and it is supposed that as soon as a new outfit can be obtained the explorers will proceed to carry on their proposed researches.

News has lately been received in this country of the death at Quito, Ecuador, in June last, of Dr. WILLIAM JAMESON, an eminent botanist and naturalist, who resided for many years in Quito as a professor in the university. His contributions, both in zoology and botany, to public institutions in America and Europe have been very extensive, although his more special researches related to the vegetable kingdom. His age is not mentioned, but he was well advanced in years, some of his children being married in South America and permanently settled there.

News has been received from Mr. HENRY ELLIOTT, who has been engaged for two years past in making explorations and observations in the fur-seal islands in the Behring Sea, to the date of May 1. He announces the continued prosecution of his labors, the results of which were transmitted to the National Museum in the summer of 1872. He has especially devoted himself to an investigation of the habits of the fur-seal, walrus, and sea-lion, and has made a topographical survey of the rookeries upon a portion of the islands on which these animals come to bring forth their young. His work in 1872 was devoted mainly to St. Paul Island, but he expected, very soon after the date of his letter, to visit St. George and the other islands of the group, there to prosecute similar inquiries.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK wears a fresher aspect. The streets are no longer deserted; Broadway and Fifth Avenue exhibit the accustomed liveliness of the autumn season. Business men, who have been lingering at sea-side resorts, are stirring about briskly, and fashionable ladies feel the necessity of examining all the pretty goods so freely displayed in shops, with a view to replenishing their damaged wardrobes. All through the month of September the incoming cars and steamboats are bringing back to city homes the thousands who have been absentees for a couple of months. It was stated that on the first day of September fifty thousand people were "whisked into New York," and that at the Grand Central Dépôt alone over four thousand pieces of baggage were received from inward-bound trains. Still they come! Brown-stone mansions, long barred up, have unclosed their shutters, washed the windows, and swept the unused door-steps. Within a general process of airing, cleansing, and polishing is going on. When the bright October days come, renovations will be completed, and every body will be ready to enter upon their "fall campaign," whatever that campaign may be in individual cases, whether one of business, of fashion, or of pleasure. True, some favored ones linger in the country to breathe the growing freshness of the autumn air, and gather glimpses of fields of ripened grain and forests of gayly colored trees. But the masses have returned; the hum of business is heard; the streets are thronged; the season has fairly commenced.

A new arrangement is proposed for the safety of registered letters sent through the Post-office. Special bags are to be provided for their reception, and only the postmasters at distributing stations are to have keys of these bags. Such a safeguard is highly desirable.

Revolvers may be useful sometimes; but of what service can they be to a traveler in Western wilds if stowed away in his trunk or valise? Recently a stage left the town of Colfax, Nevada, with thirteen passengers and an express box containing considerable treasure. Just as the coach reached the summit of a high mountain four men sprang from behind rocks, seized the leaders by the bits, and bid the driver "get down." He was ordered to take the horses from the coach and lead them to one side. He obeyed. Next the passengers were told to dismount and seat themselves on a log. Each of the robbers held a double-barreled shot-gun, and the order was obeyed with alacrity. The passengers sat still as mice under cover of the shot-guns, and silently watched the operations of the robbers in getting at the contents of the safe. The scoundrels drilled holes, poured powder into the openings, tamped them, and then lighted the fuse. In half a minute there was a thick puff of smoke, a dull, heavy sound, and there lay the safe open. It was but the work of a minute to sack the bags of gold and packages of greenbacks, and then the robbers ordered the passengers to mount. The travelers obeyed, and took their seats; and the driver was ordered to "hitch up," and was requested to "drive on quick, and not lag once for a mile." And the way the four-horse team flew away from the locality would astonish a locomotive. The robbers obtained between $8000 and $12,000. It was afterward ascertained that every passenger had a revolver safely packed in his valise or trunk.

Eight hundred and thirteen lepers are now collected in the leper hospital at Molokai, Sandwich Islands. Physicians think there may be fifty more cases scattered on the different islands; but the disease is now considered to be under the control of the authorities, and it is hoped that by vigilance it will soon be entirely eradicated. Leprosy has been prevailing extensively for the last few years in the islands, and one of the first efforts of the present administration was to endeavor to check it by compelling every person tainted with it to be removed to Molokai.

A minister who had a negro servant in his family happened one Sunday when preaching to see the negro, who was at church, and who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting he said to the negro, "Tom, what were you doing in the church?"

"Takin' notes, massa; all de gemmen takes notes."

"Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense."

"I thought so, massa, all de time dat you was preachin' it."

"Hot-house pine-apples" are now constructed in London by an ingenious plan of inserting in the summit of the fruit a tuft or crown of leaves belonging to British hot-house pines, by which device West Indian pine-apples are made to deceive guests. It is a pity to compel the innocent vegetable world to be deceptive.

The uniform in which Frederick the Great died, according to a story which comes from Prussia, became the property of his valet, and remained in his family until recently, when it was sold to a dealer in old clothes for 150 thalers. The dealer soon met with a patriotic admirer of historical relics, who invested 500 thalers in the suit. The next purchaser was an Englishman, who ventured the comparatively high price of 8000 thalers (£1200) as a speculation, hoping to realize as much as £3000 by reselling it to a prince of the reigning house in Prussia, who was anxious to possess himself of the uniform; but the price alarmed him. The purchaser, it is said, has shipped the interesting garments to the United States, where he believes he will obtain even a higher price than that asked of the great king's descendant.

The "Prospect Park carriages" are neat and comfortable. For the modest sum of twenty-five cents one can ride an hour, and take a deliberate survey of all the beauties of the Park. We say *deliberate*; and if our recent experience was a fair sample of the general custom, we think the pace at which the Park steeds perform their duties is needlessly deliberate. The funereal rate at which we were carried along was depressing, even amidst such charming views. The carriages would do a better business if the speed of the horses were increased, and if they started from the entrance promptly at the fixed time. As we took our seat in one of the carriages the other day, we asked how soon it would start. "In about three minutes," was the reply. But it proved to be nearly fifteen minutes before the driver took his place and we started.

There has been much contest as to the proper spelling of the great poet's name, there being something like a score of different ways. The most common are Shakespeare, Shakspeare, and Shakspere. Besides these there are Shakespere, Shakespeire, Shakespeyre, Shakuspeare, Schakespere, Shaxpeer, Shaxper, Shaxsper, Shacksper, Shackspeare, Saxpere, Schakespeire, and Chacsper. It has been suggested that the great dramatist designedly varied the spelling of his name.

The Massachusetts Commissioner of Education says that the diseases incurred during school life prepare many victims for lingering illness in later life. Many troublesome complaints not of a perceptibly fatal character are contracted in school. Headache, bleeding at the nose, diseases of the eye and spine, affections of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and other complaints, are induced or aggravated by the collection of numerous children in school under unfavorable conditions as to ventilation, light, heat, cleanliness, and exercise. School furniture is responsible also for much curvature of the spine and short sight.

A medical man, discoursing upon sleep, makes this remark: "One man may do with a little less sleep than another; but, as a general rule, if you want a clerk, a lieutenant, a lawyer, a physician, a legislator, a judge, a president, or a pastor, do not trust your interests to any man who does not take on the average eight good solid hours of sleep out of every twenty-four. Whatever may be his reason for it, if he does not give himself that, he will snap some time just when you want him to be strong."

King Cacobau, the reigning King of Feejee, has had built for his own special use a neat little covered carriage, which is to be borne on the shoulders of six men. On the panels are four medallions, two representing the Feejeean crest—a dove bearing an olive-branch—and two with his Majesty's coat of arms and the words, "Kingdom of Feejee," with the initials C. R. (Cacobau Rex) surmounted by a crown. The interior of the carriage is gorgeously decorated.

When in Paris the Shah of Persia visited the Jardin des Plantes, and was much pleased not only with the curiosities there exhibited, but also with the courtesy of the directors. So he made a memorandum of some of the noted men of science with a view to "remembering" them. A short time ago his Majesty's compliments arrived in the shape of certain "orders" and "decorations." Unfortunately, however, things had got mixed a good deal. The Persian monarch with the names of the learned savants had also written down the names of some of the "extinct animals" preserved in the museum. The distinction between two sets of names was not very apparent to him, it seems; for the megatherium, the dinotherium, and other similar creatures received Persian decorations at the same time with the men of science.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WE knew the fool would turn up somewhere who would put his postal card in a stamped envelope and mail it that way. Covington, Kentucky, is responsible for him, and he thinks the cards are a great convenience.

Very few horses eat corned beef, but we saw one standing the other day before a store with a bit in his mouth.

A New York chemist says he can reduce boot legs to beefsteak. Some Western landlords have had ten years the start of him.

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired, "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?" "Yes." "Den," said Cuffee, "hold de cow yourself."

An Irish paper concludes a biography of Robespierre with the following sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

"Fred," said a young man, walking up Cortlandt Street the other day, after listening to his wonderful story, "do you know why you are like a harp struck by lightning?" "No," says Fred; "I give it up." "Because a harp struck by lightning is a *blasted lyre*."

An Illinois editor who was enjoying himself at San Francisco when Horace F. Clark stopped issuing passes over the U. P. R. R., writes to his wife he is walking home for his liver's sake, and will arrive in the fall or early spring.

A Cleveland copper speculator fell asleep in church, from which he was awakened by the pastor's reading, "Surely there is a vein for silver and a place for gold, where they find it." Jumping to his feet he shook his book at the minister, crying, "I'll take five hundred shares."

Siam is an ungallant country. There the first wife may be divorced, and after that every wife may be sold for cash or for a yellow dog.

A pleasant little reunion was quite upset recently by one of the children asking, in a painfully audible tone, "Mamma, why did you tell me not to say any thing about Mr. Jenkins's nose? He hasn't got any."

A boy at the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Normal, Illinois, saw some men carrying a section of sidewalk. He slipped underneath and walked along until the men suddenly dropped it, when he was "smashed."

A Louisville man has a sun-flower fourteen feet high, three boils on his leg, and a cold in his head, but yet he says that there's nothing in this world worth living for.

A noted horse-jockey, "down East," was awakened one night by a violent thunder-storm. Being somewhat timid, he awoke his wife with, "Wife! wife! do you suppose the Day of Judgment has come?" "Shut up, you fool!" was the affectionate reply: "how can the Day of Judgment come in the night?"

A facetious young lady wickedly remarks that the reason that the peculiar equipages seen at watering-places are called dog-carts is that puppies always ride in them.

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in a corn field. "Well, work away," said the industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"

A farmer lost a gimlet in the woods near Monticello, Minnesota, three years ago, and the other day cut down an iron-wood tree, fast in the forks of which he found —not a gimlet, but a three-quarter inch auger! He is sorry he didn't wait a year or two longer, as a two-inch auger was just what he wanted.

A mamma in the rural districts lately gave her five-year-old hopeful an outfit of fishing tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out, found one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother. I guess she will stop when she gets to the pole."

TAKING THE REINS—A FAMILIAR SCENE IN CENTRA

AL PARK.—[Drawn by Arthur Lumley.]

OVER THE WALL.

SHE is my neighbor, and over the wall,
As I sit silently sipping my wine,
Often at evening I hear her call
Her little King Charles, the same name as mine.

Under the wall, both hers and mine,
Whisp'ring, I answer, "I'm here, love, here!"
Kissing the branches whose tendrils twine
Over the wall to touch my dear.

Only a voice—but with such a tone!
Only a dog that she bids to her feet.
Only a fool, that is list'ning alone—
List'ning alone in his retreat.

[So great is MISS BRADDON'S *popularity with novel-readers throughout the world that arrangements have been made for the concurrent publication of* "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD" *in eight weekly newspapers in Great Britain, in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *in America, and in Australia, Germany, and France. This is unprecedented in the annals of literature, and no higher compliment could be paid to a writer's power of fascination.]*

(Continued from No. 872, page 799.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

A LIVING—earning a living somehow! And Sylvia had fancied that in winning Edmund Standen's love she had opened the door to that bright, pleasant, prosperous, easy-going world, in which every body had plenty of money—that when he made her his wife she was to bid an everlasting farewell to the scrimped means of the vulgar herd who have to maintain themselves by labor of brain or body.

"And then, darling," continued her lover, tenderly, "happily for our early struggles, you have not been bred in an extravagant school, or accustomed to costly pleasures. It will not seem very hard to you, will it, dear love, if we have to begin life humbly?"

Not seem hard, when her rebellious spirit had been at war with her surroundings ever since she had been old enough to compare the lives of other people with her own life!

"It's all very well to talk like that," she said, bursting into tears, "but you don't know what poverty is."

Yes, this cheerful resignation to reverse of fortune is easy to the mind that has never known necessity's venomed sting. It is like the ignorant courage of a child who pays his first visit to the dentist, rather pleased at the novelty of the situation.

"My sweetest, even poverty would be no burden if you and I shared it. Besides, we sha'n't always be poor. Look at the hundreds of prosperous men who begin the world with a single half a crown."

"Look at my father," she answered, briefly.

He kissed away her tears, and circled thus by his protecting arm, she half believed that the light of true love might suffice to gild the pathway of life. But it was only half belief at best. Lurking in her mind there was the conviction that she had suffered too much already from straitened means, and that she had no courage for that battle which Edmund Standen faced so calmly.

"How much is your father's fortune?" she asked.

"My mother's, you mean, darling."

"I only look upon it as hers in trust. How much is it, Edmund?"

"Something like fifteen hundred a year—rather over than under. Then there is the house, and about sixty acres of land, and my mother's savings, which must be considerable; for I don't think she can have spent a thousand a year since my father's death."

"And you would give up all that for my sake, Edmund?" asked Sylvia, deeply moved.

"Every shilling of it, and with hardly a pang."

"Oh, how good and true you are, and how dearly I love you!" cried the girl, quite overcome at last by this evidence of devotion.

The moon stole up from behind the eastward woods, and surprised them into memory of the hour. They went back to Hedingham through the silent fields and lanes arm in arm, and Sylvia almost forgot the gloomy outlook that had newly opened before her in the tender happiness of being so utterly beloved.

"To-morrow your father and all Hedingham shall know of our engagement, Sylvia," said Mr. Standen, as they paused in the shadowy church-yard path—that path across the church-yard was the nearest way to the school-house—for those last words which lovers are so long saying.

"No, not to-morrow," she pleaded; "there will be such talk, and such surprise, and so many people will take your mother's part against us. Let us keep our secret a little longer, dear Edmund."

And dear Edmund, who was not in a condition to refuse any thing, reluctantly consented to some small delay, wondering a little at the subtle ways of women, to whom there seems sweetness in secrecy.

CHAPTER III.

IN MR. HOPLING'S ORCHARD.

THERE was a flutter of many colored flags in the sunshine and the braying of a brazen band in Hedingham by noontide on the festival day—a combination which to the inhabitants seemed all that this world can give of splendor and excitement. The tents glimmered whitely through the fine old elms that screened Mr. Harper's meadow. The tea-tables were already ranged under the old apple-trees in Mr. Hopling's orchard, where ruddy cherries and young green apples contrasted pleasantly with the more sombre tints of the foliage. Very few of those ripe cherries would remain to Mr. Hopling after set of sun; but a man must do something for his parish, and Mr. Hopling was a native of Hedingham, who had made money as a butcher in Monkhampton, and retired to his ancestral fields a wealthy man. That orchard had belonged to his great-grandfather, and represented his patrimonial estate, and Mr. Hopling was beyond measure proud of it. He liked to be asked for the loan of it for the school feast; he liked to think that without his aid the children could hardly have had their tea-drinking at all; and he endured the loss of his cherries with calm magnanimity, having taken care to thin the fruit as much as he could before this annual festival. The trees were ever so old and gnarled and crooked, and incrusted with a pale sea green parasitical growth, which was born of the salt breeze that swept over that tranquil valley, as if Amphitrite herself had wreathed her wet arms around those rugged old trunks and sinuous old branches.

Wherever a flag could be stuck conveniently, or inconveniently, a flag appeared; and those patches of lively primitive color showed brightly against the cool green of the verdure, or the warmer blue of the cloudless summer sky.

People were congratulating one another upon the splendor of the day: "So lucky, when it might have taken a turn this very day, after such a long spell of heat and dry weather." There had been a short service in the old church—the only cool resort in Hedingham on such a day; for those solid walls and deeply recessed windows admitted little sunshine, while the dense black-green of cypress and yew cooled the eye that wandered to the prospect outside the open casements. At two o'clock the children were to march in procession to the orchard; at two o'clock the fancy fair was to begin. The county people would arrive a good deal later, no doubt, for it would be beneath county people to be early. The Monkhampton people, less exalted, and more eager for amusement, were likely to assemble much sooner. Already the Hedingham damsels were decking their stalls, running to and fro—chattering, giggling—interchanging small secrets and delicate insinuations—admiring one another's dresses, all new for the occasion. What a variety of pink and blue and peach and cherry-color and primrose! Sylvia's soul sickened as she watched them from the orchard gate, where she was waiting for the coming of the children—those tiresome, perspiring girls and boys, whom it was her duty to keep in order and amuse, at the risk of being lamed for life by their hobnailed boots.

"And I am to be poor always," she said to herself, with a sigh, as she contemplated those bright, fresh dresses in the field. There were the white grenadines Mary Peter had made for the Misses Toynbee—spare and somewhat angular damsels, who seemed all grenadine flounces and blue satin quilling.

"They look as if they were dressed for a ball," thought Sylvia. "What a dowdy creature I must seem beside them! And Mrs. Standen will be here, I suppose, to stare at me with those odious cold blue eyes."

Mrs. Standen, her archenemy, whose injustice had dashed the cup of hope and joy from her lips! Could she be mortal, and not detest Mrs. Standen? She was altogether mortal, and she hated her lover's mother most heartily.

Dress has so strong a hold upon a girl's mind, especially upon a girl bred in a village, that in the contemplation of her better-clad sisters Sylvia for the moment forgot her own beauty. She forgot that she started with an advantage which all the arts of millinery could not counterbalance. She had dressed herself in white—a plain white muslin gown, with no embellishment save a narrow frill of lace round the throat, with no vestige of colored ribbon to contrast its purity. She had laid aside her hat, for she was to be in the shady orchard all day, and a hat would have been only an incumbrance. She wore no gloves, for her hands were to be busy by-and-by cutting cake and bread-and-butter. The golden glory of her rich auburn hair crowned her head, and gave her a nobler air than any coronet of gems and gold that was ever fashioned by the hand of man. She had the art of twisting the long massive plaits—which would have transformed her into Goethe's Margaret at once had she let them hang down—into a perfect coronal, surmounting the ivory forehead, and giving added height to a form that was already tall.

"What a gawk that girl looks in her long, straight gown," said Miss Toynbee to Miss Palmer, the doctor's daughter; "and she's as vain as a peacock—gets herself up to attract attention. See what a lot she's made of her hair."

"And it's as red as it well can be," replied Miss Palmer. "But the gentlemen all admire her. I suppose it's because she looks like one of those horrid pre-Raphaelite pictures," added the young lady, who had no enthusiasm for art.

A rustic beauty who does not know her position is apt to be a stumbling-block in the way of young ladies of standing like the Misses Toynbee; and there was a prevailing idea in Hedingham that Miss Carew did not know her position. In the first place, she was a great deal too pretty for a village school-master's daughter. It might be argued that for this she was hardly responsible. But the Hedingham young ladies complained that she made too much of her prettiness, set herself up as a lady, and drew upon herself the attention of mankind by all manner of arts and subtleties. In short, she was just the kind of young woman who, in a more conservative age, would have been burned as a witch.

Nor did her delinquencies end here. It had been rumored of late that she had been seen walking in the meadows and lanes at dusk with Edmund Standen, really the most eligible young man in Hedingham society. "Carew had better look after that pretty daughter of his," said the men. The women whispered about it to one another, and held themselves a little more aloof from Miss Carew than before. Those who had favored her with their condescending notice withdrew it all at once—passed her by with blank, vacant looks, as if there were no such person between them and the empty air.

Sylvia perceived the change, and smiled to herself bitterly—with that bitterness which some natures acquire in the school of adversity.

"I suppose they think a Monkhampton banker's son could not possibly marry *me*," she thought. "There will be some pleasure in making them all savage by-and-by."

To-day, standing at the orchard gate, she felt herself very much alone. Edmund Standen was not to come till later in the afternoon, and was to escort his mother and Miss Rochdale, and there could be little chance of his giving much time to her. It would be but a look, a hand-clasp, a few whispered words, perhaps, for the eyes of their little world would be upon them. She had begged him to keep the secret of their engagement; yet, with a woman's inconsistency, she felt it hard that they could be together so little to-day. He would be in his place among the great ones of the land; she in a lower world, and looked down upon by his people. Her father, upon the plea of indifferent health, managed to creep out of the business altogether. "You have plenty of young people who know how to amuse the little ones; I should only be in the way, and the school-master's presence might be a damper," he said to the vicar. "Let Sylvia and the other girls manage it all."

So to Sylvia, Mary Peter, Alice Cook, and such of the gentry who cared to assist in this philanthropic task, the business of the children's entertainment was left.

The juvenile revelers came whooping in presently, all breathing hard, after their manner. Half a dozen elderly young ladies accompanied them, led by the vicar. His daughters had a stall in the bazar, and thus, as they said themselves, got out of the school treat.

The day's festivities were inaugurated, as the reporter of the *Monkhampton Courier* afterward stated, by a distribution of new penny buns, as a light refreshment appropriate to a hot day. An unauthorized old man was driving a brisk trade in lemonade and ginger-beer and ripe gooseberries outside the orchard. The buns discussed, the young revelers proceeded at once to the enlivening sport of "taggy, taggy touchwood," and being fairly set going, would require little more than general supervision until tea-time, which festive period was three hours off.

Sylvia noticed that the ladies about the vicar had that air of being unconscious of her presence which she had observed in other ladies of late—in a word, it was a clear case of taboo. The vicar, good easy man, addressed her with his usual familiar kindness. The whispers of scandal were slow to reach those charitable ears. She felt the sting of those cold, unseeing looks, though she had hated the patronizing graciousness she had enjoyed till lately from the same people. It seemed a hard thing to be judged thus, and misjudged, only because her father was poor—a hard thing that all Hedingham should deem it impossible for Edmund Standen to mean well by her.

"Edmund is right," she thought: "these people ought to know of our engagement."

"Will he ever have the courage to own me before them all?" she wondered afterward, when she had walked slowly away from the children and their patronesses to a quiet corner of the great straggling orchard, a corner where there were plum-trees so old that they grew nothing but gum. "It was all very well to talk bravely last night when we were alone together under the chestnut, between sunset and moonrise, and seemed all the world to each other; but will he really defy his mother, and renounce his fortune for my sake, and own a school-master's daughter for his plighted wife before all these stuck-up, purse-proud people whom he has lived among all his life?"

This corner of the orchard was on a higher level than Mr. Harper's meadow, and Sylvia could survey the bazar as from a platform, without running much risk of being seen herself, unless any one should happen to look up to the spot where she stood, framed in foliage, looking across the tangled hedge of wild apple, oak sapling, and honeysuckle.

She had looked forward with some pleasure to this small festival—for the vicar had given her a ticket for the bazar, and she and Alice Cook and Mary Peter were to have gone into the field together and seen the county people, and the stalls with their dainty merchandise, and watched the seductive arts by which country-bred young ladies assail the well-filled pockets of country gentlemen; and, behold, here she was watching the scene by stealth, as it were, from her shady corner, lacking courage to go in among the gentry in the face of that taboo to which she had been newly subjected. She keenly felt the injustice of the whole thing; she profoundly despised the people; but she couldn't face those unconscious stares, she could not stand before that little world quite alone in her bloom of youth and loveliness.

"If ever I can pay them out for their insolence, the payment shall be tenfold," she said to herself, looking down at the simpering damsels arranging their wares with delicately gloved hands, trying to develop stolid young gentlemen with their hands in their pockets, or the nobs of their canes in their mouths, into purchasers of babies' socks or embroidered smoking-caps.

"But I never, never shall have such an opportunity," she thought. "What glory is there in marrying a disinherited man! It sounds very romantic, like a story one reads; but what will people say of my husband? I can fancy their sneering pity for 'Poor Edmund Standen, who married so much beneath him and offended his mother.' How are we to live without money? Will Edmund be obliged to turn village school-master, I wonder, like my father? He talked about being a clerk in the city, but that seems almost as bad. I can not see any thing before us except misery. But how good and true he is, and how dearly I ought to love him."

Her face softened at the thought, and a lovely smile crept to the soft, full lips. The whole character of her beauty, which had been curiously cold and hard just as she thought of that little world which had set itself against her, changed as she thought of her lover. The face grew youthful and innocent again, child-like almost, with childhood's tender trustfulness.

"I do love him with all my heart," she said to herself. "The first sound of his voice, when we meet after the briefest parting, makes me tremble. The lightest touch of his hand makes me forget every thing except that I love him. Why should his mother try to separate us? He could never find any one to love him as well as I—good and brave and true and handsome as he is. It all comes from living in such a place as Hedingham. Because Edmund is good-looking and his father was rich, Hedingham has set him up as an idol, and his mother believes there is no one good enough for him; or perhaps she wants him to marry Miss Rochdale, who is like her adopted daughter, and has money, and never misses the early services, and is preached about by every body in Hedingham as a model of all that's good and proper."

The fair face hardened again with the thought of Esther Rochdale. Hers, doubtless, was the influence that had made Mrs. Standen so cruel, so unjust to her son. Miss Rochdale was in love with him herself, no doubt.

"It's almost wicked, when they've been brought up together like brother and sister," Sylvia said to herself. "She ought to have a sisterly affection for him, and wish to see him happy. But those quiet girls are always artful."

The field was filling fast, carriages driving up to the gate, gayly dressed people alighting, a continual exchange of salutations; county gentlemen all talking very loud, as if they meant all Hedingham to hear them; the chiefs and heirs-apparent of county families bawling at one another with a curious mixture of heartiness and arrogance.

Sylvia saw the Standen party come in at the gate, Mrs. Standen leaning on her son's arm, Esther Rochdale on the other side, but not upon his arm. Edmund's mother was a tall woman of about fifty, a woman with a fine face, regular but somewhat large features, blue-gray eyes, and iron-gray hair smoothly banded on the broad intellectual-looking forehead. Miss Rochdale was of medium height, a slim, fragile-looking figure, a delicate face, a pale olive complexion, and soft dark eyes—a young lady whom her friends called interesting, and whom strangers sometimes spoke of as "foreign-looking," but whom no one had yet called pretty. Yet that small pale face, those large soft eyes, that pensive mouth, were not without a tender poetry of their own. If there was beauty there, it was the kind of beauty which the mass of mankind is apt to disregard—a subdued and subtle charm, like that unpretending loveliness Wordsworth loved to sing.

A hand was slipped through Sylvia's arm as she stood watching these latest arrivals, an unpleasantly hard breathing saluted her ears.

"I've been all round the orchard hunting for you," said Mary Peter. "Ain't you coming into the field? You've got your ticket, you know."

"I sha'n't use it. I'd rather watch the people from here. What's the use of walking up and down among a lot of people one doesn't know?"

"I never knew any one so changeable as you, Sylvia. As to not knowing the people, I don't suppose I know many more of them than you do, except customers, and it's very few of my customers will give me so much as a nod in such a place as this, though perhaps they'll come begging and praying of me to-morrow as if I was the Queen. 'Do, Mary, now, try to oblige me with my dress by next Tuesday, even if you have to sit up a night or two to finish it. I assure you it's most important, and I shall be so much obliged.' They don't think of the way they've humiliated themselves when I meet them out-of-doors. Come along, Sylvia."

"I'm not coming. You can go yourself. I don't want you here."

"How disagreeable you are, to be sure! But I'll stay a bit to keep you company. I dare say you feel extra dull like, seeing Mr. Standen over there, with his mar and Miss Rochdale." And Miss Peter, out of the fullness of her heart, put a caressing arm around Sylvia's slender waist.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," exclaimed the school-master's daughter, releasing herself from the friendly embrace. "I'm sure it's warm enough without that kind of thing."

"Well, Sylvia, you really are the most—Doesn't Mrs. Standen look nice? That's the last black silk dress I made her—fifteen shillings a yard, I should think, and such lace on the body and sleeves! Nobody in Hedingham wears such silks and laces as Mrs. Standen, and yet she isn't an extravagant dresser; never wastes her money on cheap materials, and never wears any thing but black silk. There's Miss Rochdale; she doesn't look bad, does she? I made her that white muslin; isn't it sweet?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, glancing from the daintily trimmed costume, with its pillow-lace frillings and pink ribbons, to her own poor gown. "She can afford to wear good dresses, with five or six hundred a year to do what she likes with. There,

go and enjoy yourself with the rest of the people down there, Mary. You only vex me with your frivolous talk."

"I'll leave you till your temper improves, Miss Carew," answered Miss Peter, with dignity; and Sylvia was once more alone in the shady corner under the century-old plum-trees, much to her own satisfaction. Was it not just possible that Edmund might slip away from his party and find her in this green retreat, with its perfume of clematis and honeysuckle?

She watched the little party make the round of the stalls. Mrs. Standen stopped to buy something of the vicar's daughters, and Esther Rochdale also took out her purse. "Just to show people how rich she is!" thought Sylvia, with an envious pang; and there was business transacted to the gratification of all parties. Edmund left the stall laden with parcels. Sylvia saw him speak to his mother, and then go out of the field gate, to put his parcels in the carriage, no doubt. Would he take this opportunity of slipping round to the orchard? He could come by a little lane without returning to the field. Sylvia's heart quickened its beating, as it always did at the thought of Edmund's approach.

"Shall I go to the gate and watch for him?" she asked herself. "No. This is such a quiet spot for us to meet. If he loves me as much as he pretends, he will find me here. I think I could track my way to him if he were to hide in the heart of a great forest. Love would guide me."

Love guided Mr. Standen to the corner by the old plum-trees. Certainly Mr. Hopling's orchard was not a large domain—five or six acres at most.

He came to her, and took her to his heart, as he had done last night, with those strong arms which seemed powerful enough to shield her from every harm.

"My dearest, I thought I should find you in some quiet nook like this, where we might have five minutes' talk away from the eyes of the world. How lovely you look, Sylvia!"

"In this dress?" she exclaimed, incredulously, "when every one is dressed so beautifully."

"Dress!—pshaw. I see a lot of silly finery, but no one who can compare with my Sylvia. I had a wakeful night, darling, thinking over all we had talked about, but got up this morning in excellent spirits. I have made up my mind as to the future. I shall try to get a situation in the old bank—my father's bank, you know. It is a joint-stock business now, you know, and has been wonderfully extended since the company bought my father's interest. There are branches all over the county. I know my father's name will stand me in good stead with the directors, and I shall rise to a managerial position much sooner than any other man could hope to do. As manager of one of the branches I should have five or six hundred a year, and on that we can get on capitally, and make a happy home for ourselves and our children. I have thought it all out, Sylvia, and am quite resigned to my mother's decision."

"How good you are!" said the girl, with a shade of scorn in her look and tone. "You dance attendance on your mother like a dutiful son, knowing that she means to cheat you out of your just due."

"You mustn't use such hard words, Sylvia. There is no question of cheating. My mother has a right to dispose as she pleases of money that was left in her control."

"I can't see that," cried Sylvia, impetuously. "It was meant for you; your father saved it for you, or the bulk of his fortune, at any rate; and now you are to toil and slave to earn a pittance. It is shameful."

"If I can forgive my mother, you must forgive her too, Sylvia, or I shall think you care more for my father's money than me," said Edmund, gravely.

It was the first time that he had spoken to her with any thing approaching reproof.

"Forgive me," she said. "I love you with all my heart. I am not afraid even of poverty with you."

"It shall not be poverty, dearest, if I can help it."

"And now you had better go back to your mother and Miss Rochdale."

"They can amuse themselves very well without me for a while. Let us talk of the future, darling, for I don't mean to wait long before you and I begin the world together."

"You mean our marriage to be soon," she said, looking up at him wonderingly, "in spite of your mother's decision?"

"In spite of every thing: I am not afraid of the battle of life."

"I am glad it is to be soon," said Sylvia, thoughtfully. "The Hedingham ladies look at me as if I were an outcast, only because you and I have been seen together."

Mr. Standen muttered something not complimentary to the Hedingham ladies.

"People must be told of our engagement at once, Sylvia," he said, after that brief interjection. "My mother knows, and every one else must know. I'll speak to your father to-night."

"I'm afraid he'll be as much against our marriage as Mrs. Standen."

"But why, darling?" asked Edmund, surprised. Was not he, Edmund Standen, even without fortune, a good match for a parish schoolmaster's daughter?

"Because of the change in your prospects," answered Sylvia. "My father has suffered so much from poverty that he is more afraid of it than you are, Edmund, and he has some vague idea that I ought to make what he calls a good marriage."

"Meaning that you ought to marry a man with plenty of money, I suppose."

"I think so."

"I should hardly think a father would sell his only daughter to the best bidder."

"It isn't quite as bad as that. Papa only thinks I ought to marry some one with a settled income. But you needn't tell him that Mrs. Standen means to disinherit you," she added, with a bright look. The suppression of a truth never troubled Sylvia's conscience.

"What! ask his permission to marry you under false pretenses? I am sorry you should think me capable of such a thing, Sylvia."

"Would it be very wrong? Well, you must do as you please about it; only I know if papa hears the truth he will oppose our marriage with all his might."

"I can endure his opposition if you will be loyal, dearest. We are not bound to sacrifice our happiness to his prejudices, but we are bound to tell him the truth. He has been kept in the dark too long already."

"Tell him, then," answered Sylvia, with a sigh. "I must endure his grumbling and lamentations as well as I can."

"You need not endure long, Sylvia. I'll have our banns given out next Sunday. You're under age, so we must be married by banns."

"I am glad of that," said the girl; "all Hedingham will hear our names given out. Edmund Standen, bachelor, of this parish, and Sylvia Carew, spinster, also of this parish. I dare say some of the Hedingham ladies will feel inclined to start up out of their seats and forbid the banns. And your mother, how will she sit quietly by to hear that announcement three weeks running?"

"My mother has made up her mind to oppose me in the dearest wish of my heart, and she can not complain if that decision brings some pain to herself," said Edmund Standen, with a resolute look which Sylvia knew very well. "I accept the punishment she chooses to inflict upon me, but I refuse to sacrifice the happiness of my future life. I have been an obedient son up to this hour, but there has come a time when submission would mean imbecility. Every man has a right to choose for himself when it comes to the choice that must color his whole existence. Even if he is to make a mistake, let it be at least his own mistake, and not somebody else's."

The young man spoke rather as if he were arguing out a question which he had been for some time debating with himself. The girl listened eagerly, and looked up at him with fond admiration. Yes, this was something like a lover—a man who would stand firm in opposition to all the world, if need were, for her sake; verily a shield against calamity, a rock of strength in the day of misfortune. Never till this moment had Sylvia felt so proud of him.

"Are you quite friends with your mother?" she asked.

"I hope that I know my duty as a son. There were some bitter words between us the other day, such words as are not easily forgotten. But I could never be wanting in respect to my mother. I have striven to show her that I still love and honor her, although I take my own course in this matter."

"And has she been kind?"

"If possible, kinder than usual. Yet there is a cloud between us, and I know she is unhappy. We can but trust in Time. She will forgive me by-and-by, when she learns to know you better."

"That she will never do. She has a rooted dislike to me. I have seen it in her face. But don't let us speak of that, Edmund. What need I care, so long as you love me? But tell me how Miss Rochdale takes our engagement. Is she as angry as your mother?"

Mr. Standen's expression softened at the mention of Miss Rochdale. "Esther Rochdale," he said, with a half-careless tenderness, that affection of custom which grows up in the narrow circle of a peaceful home—"oh, she is the dearest girl in the world, and would be the last to disapprove of any thing that involved my happiness. But I don't suppose she knows of my engagement. I haven't said a word to her about it, and I dare say my mother has been equally silent. You need fear no unpleasantness from Esther, darling. I feel sure that she will be your friend—and a true one."

Sylvia looked doubtful, but said nothing.

"And now, dearest, I must run back to them," said Edmund, looking at his watch. He had been a quarter of an hour instead of his intended five minutes. How swiftly the moments had flown in that quiet corner, screened by the moss-grown plum-trees! Would all his life to come glide past him like that, in a dream-like rapture too sweet to seem quite real? No, there would be his work-a-day life—a stern struggle with fortune. Home and love would be like some magic isle, toward which he would steer his bark at set of sun, across the heavy seas of worldly work and worldly contest—a blessed haven from the storms of life.

"So soon, Edmund!" said the girl, disconsolately.

"My own one, I've staid longer than I intended already. My mother will soon be tired of that crowded meadow and the glare of the sun. I must be ready to take her home."

"You might come afterward, and see the children at tea."

"I should like it of all things. But the Toynbees are to dine with us at six. I shall have to sit at the bottom of the table for a couple of hours—just the nicest time in the evening—making believe to enjoy myself. Good-by."

So with a kiss they parted, Sylvia sorely discontented with Fate, which seemed inexorable. She had hoped that Edmund would assist at the tea-drinking.

CHAPTER IV.

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

SYLVIA speedily left her corner, tired of watching the little groups of people stop to shake hands and talk to one another for five minutes or so, as if the world held no greater affection than the love that bound them, and then separate and stroll away to exchange the same enthusiastic greetings with other groups. A bird's-eye view of the Hedingham school bazar conduced somewhat to the idea that there was something hollow in polite society. People smiled so incessantly, and seemed so inexpressibly glad to see one another, yet Sylvia saw some of those very enthusiasts yawn rather dearily when the gaze of society was off them.

She went back to the middle of the orchard, where the children were playing blindman's-buff. They entreated her to join this sport, nay, besought her with such earnestness—the vicar himself being, as it were, master of the ceremonies, and some of the elderly young ladies joining in the juvenile play with gushing vivacity—that she could hardly refuse. She yielded reluctantly, but with a tolerable grace, and very soon afterward was seized upon by a hulking boy, who put his rough hands over her face and head, fastened his claws triumphantly upon her coronet of shining plaits, and bawled out that he had caught Miss Carew.

Upon this the handkerchief was bound over Sylvia's eyes, and after being asked some absurd question about her father's horses, she was twisted round three times by the vicar's friendly hand, and told to catch whom she could. She did not enter into the game with much spirit, so the elderly young ladies remarked to each other maliciously. Such simple sports had no attraction for Sylvia Carew, they said, since there were no young gentlemen to admire her.

Sylvia did indeed glide about somewhat listlessly among the gnarled trunks of the apple and cherry trees, more fearful of wounding her face against the crooked branches than eager to capture one of the revelers. She stretched out her arms now and then feebly, and tried to pierce the folds of the handkerchief, and even raised her head to look under it; but the vicar had made his bandage secure. Justice herself was not blinder than Sylvia Carew.

Presently the girls and boys grew quieter. There was less screaming and bawling at every doubtful step she took among the trees. She fancied she heard strange voices—the voices of gentry talking at a little distance, one voice with a low languid tone that was new to her, and different from most of the Hedingham voices, lacking that fine hearty loudness which distinguished the natives of the land.

She groped on wearily, giving her head more than one bump against the rugged branches, whose rough bark caught and dragged her hair, but reaching nothing with her outspread arms except those interlacing boughs, which seemed to encounter her every where, dense as the undergrowth of that dreadful forest where the torn trees rained blood. She was beginning to be very tired, and to long for the summons to prepare the tea-tables—any thing, so that she were but released from this hateful game—when some one came plump into her arms.

She clasped the some one eagerly, and was immediately saluted by a great hurrah, in which the vicar's voice joined heartily, as if she had done something wonderful in catching this person. It was neither boy nor girl belonging to the parish school. No starched cotton frock, no corduroy jacket, encountered her curious fingers, but the finest, smoothest broadcloth, the soft velvet collar of a gentleman's coat.

Was it Edmund Standen? Her first thought was of him; her light fingers trembled upon the garment which they wandered over. No; it was some one who was neither so tall nor so big as Edmund. Her lifted hand touched his uncovered head. The soft silky hair was smooth and thin, not thick and wavy like Edmund's.

"I don't know who it is," she said, helplessly, disappointed at discovering that it was not Edmund Standen, although, after what he had said, she had no reason to expect him. But love and reason do not always go hand in hand.

"Then you must pay forfeit," cried the shrill voice of a bold big boy—the kind of boy whom nothing can abash.

"And what is the forfeit?" asked the voice of the prisoner—the same low languid tones Sylvia had noticed a few minutes ago.

"A kiss!" bawled the irrepressible boy.

"Then I venture to claim my privilege," said the gentleman, and a mustached lip touched Sylvia's very lightly. It was the reverential salute of a courteous knight.

A gentle hand loosened the bandage, and she found herself standing, almost in the centre of the orchard, face to face with an elderly gentleman—the vicar, the boys and girls, and elderly young ladies all looking on.

The gentleman was a stranger, a man of between fifty and sixty, nearer, perhaps, to the later decade than to the earlier; a man with a certain elegance of bearing and appearance that was new to Sylvia; a man with a long oval face, and that regular caste of feature which seems to bear the stamp of high blood—a face not unlike the portraits of Charles the First, or, rather, that kind of face grown older, with smooth silver-gray hair parted on the high narrow forehead, and a long drooping mustache shading the thin lips. The eyes were blue, and looked kindly at Sylvia—nay, more than kindly, admiringly. That admiring glance brought a vivid blush into the girl's fair face. She was not sorry that the little world of Hedingham should see her admired by this stranger, who seemed a person of distinction.

"Fairly caught, I think, Sir Aubrey," said the vicar, chuckling.

Sylvia gave a little start, and looked up at the stranger with those splendid hazel eyes that had bewitched Edmund Standen—eyes which were lovely enough to subjugate even those colder critics who depreciated the school-master's daughter. She looked up at the elderly gentleman with unconcealed surprise. This was Sir Aubrey Perriam, then, and it was his presence which had caused that flutter of excitement in the orchard, an alertness in the manner of the vicar and his little band of spinsters, a respectful hush among the children, who stood in a wide ring, staring their utmost, and breathing harder than ever.

"Fairly caught," repeated the vicar, pleased that the great land-owner should join so pleasantly in these village sports. It would lead doubtless to a handsome subscription to the school fund.

"Fairly caught, I admit," said Sir Aubrey's softer tones, as he bent down with a chivalrous air and kissed the little hand that hung helplessly at Sylvia's side. This touch of old-world gallantry thrilled her with a new sense of triumph. She wished that Mrs. Standen had been by to see Sir Aubrey's notice of her.

"Come," said the vicar, briskly, "now for the tables. It's almost tea-time."

It would not do to waste any more moments in the contemplation of that little group which formed the centre of the circle: Sylvia blushing and downcast, yet with a pleased look in the half-veiled hazel eyes and on the smiling lips; Sir Aubrey Perriam looking at her with courtly, elderly gentleman-like admiration—the two making a graceful picture against that background of sun-lit orchard. It was all proper and pleasant enough, a great country gentleman admiring a beautiful villager, and so on; but Mr. Vancourt, the vicar, felt that any prolongation of the little scene might have been unclerical. He clapped his hands sharply, as if to dispel some subtle magic lurking in the air, called to his votaries, and set the tea-cups and saucers rattling in such a way as to awaken a deeper dreamer than Sir Aubrey Perriam.

Sylvia went to her duties, much better pleased with life in general than she had been half an hour ago. Sir Aubrey Perriam had admired her, and her little world had seen his admiration. That must have been a stab to the hearts of those proud Christians who had cut her remorselessly a little while before. Mary Peter and Alice Cook had also witnessed her brief triumph, and though she considered those associates of her girlhood infinitely beneath her, she liked them to behold her success. She jingled the cups and saucers gayly as she ranged them along the narrow deal table with its shining white cloth. She labored cheerfully at her task of bread-and-butter cutting, though it promised to be endless.

"You remind me of the heroine of a famous romance," said a voice very near her, and she looked up with a sudden blush. Sylvia's complexion was one to which blushes are natural; a word or a look brought the quick bright roses to that delicately pale face.

It was Sir Aubrey who was walking up and down the clear space between the tables with Mr. Vancourt. He had made a brief round of the fancy fair, spent a few sovereigns at one of the stalls, and had come to the orchard to see the school-children at play just five minutes or so before he was captured by Sylvia. Perhaps he had put himself a little in the way of this capture when he saw the white-robed figure coming toward him with outstretched arms.

Once in the orchard, Sir Aubrey seemed to prefer its rustic attractions to the fascinations of the fair stall-keepers in the adjoining field.

"The glare of the sun yonder was more than I could endure," he said, as if to apologize for this preference. "Now here these fine old trees give a delightful shade, and the turf is softer. I should like to see those young people at tea."

The vicar whispered to one of his faithful adherents, and five minutes afterward, as if by magic, a comfortable garden arm-chair, the most luxurious thing in garden chairs, was placed near the head of the tables for Sir Aubrey Perriam's accommodation. It had been brought from the Vicarage on the spur of the moment. Mr. Vancourt was resolved that if Sir Aubrey was well disposed toward the schools, there should be nothing to damp his ardor.

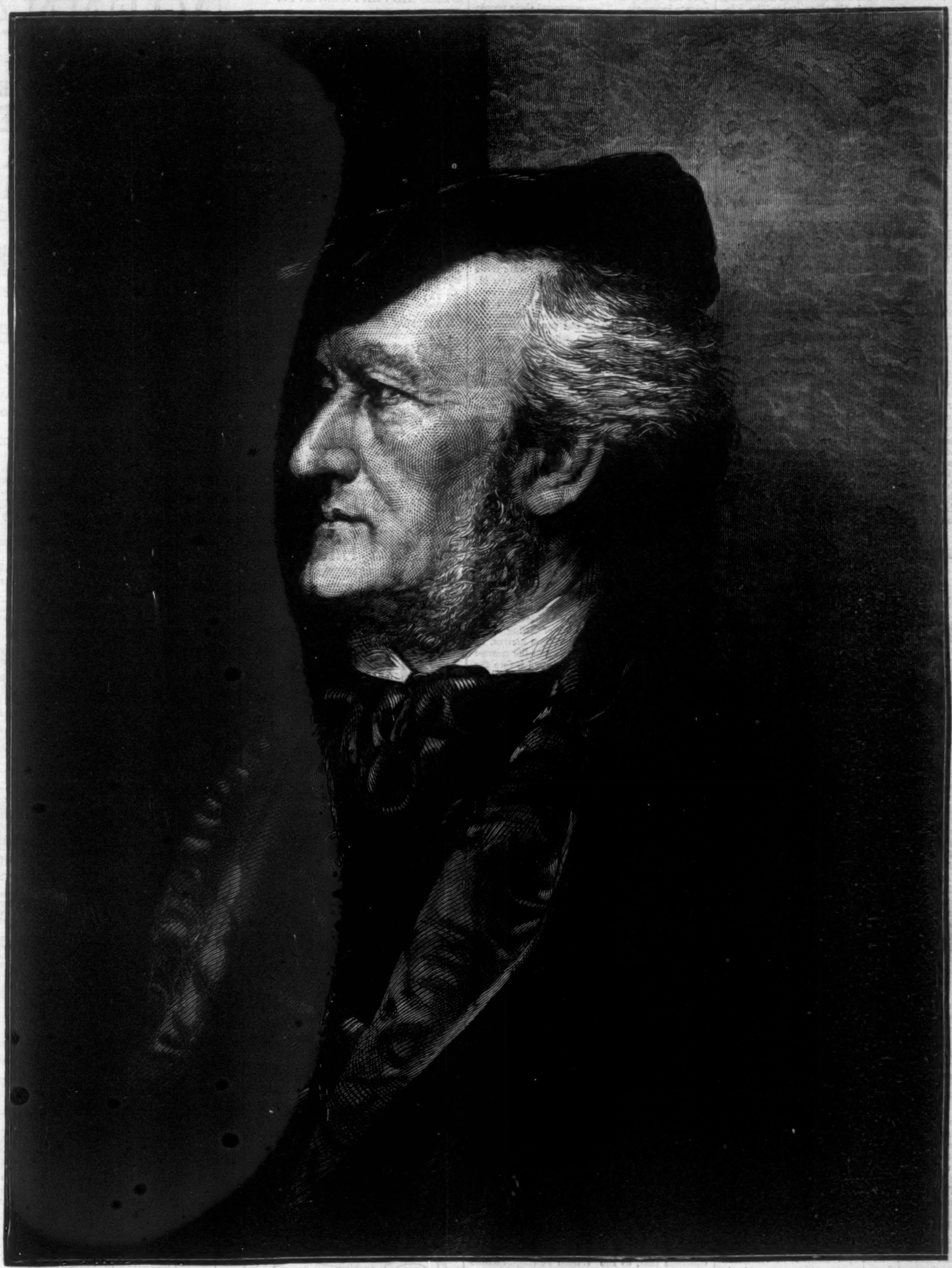
Sir Aubrey sank into the garden seat with a contented air, and looked about him benignly while those hungry children were fed. Sylvia and the other ladies went up and down with heaped-up plates, and administered to those devouring scholars. Piles of currant-cake, innumerable buns, mountains of bread-and-butter, vanished before those youthful consumers. Sylvia had hard work. Sometimes she was at the head of one table pouring out tea, ready milked and sugared—for individual tastes could hardly be considered among so many—from a huge white pitcher; sometimes at the bottom of the other table cutting up a fresh cake. The supplies had been liberal, but the demand equaled them.

Sir Aubrey surveyed the whole proceedings with evident interest; but those among the vicar's lady friends who had time to watch him closely observed that his eye seemed to wander after Sylvia Carew wherever she went. If she vanished for a few minutes from his sight, his glance grew listless, and it seemed to brighten when she reappeared. Whereupon the Hedingham ladies put him down as a wicked elderly gentleman. They had no opinion of any one who admired Sylvia Carew. To be caught by that showy beauty was the mark of an inferior mind. Edmund Standen was supposed to be on the road to ruin directly he was seen walking with Sylvia Carew. And now, behold, Sir Aubrey Perriam, to whom all Hedingham paid homage, as in duty bound—for was not Hedingham, with the exception of a few odd acres here and there, as much Sir Aubrey's property as the cambric handkerchief with which he perfumed the summer air?—seemed about to enter upon the same ruinous path.

More than once had Sylvia herself met the glance of those mild elderly eyes. It was a glance that set her thinking curiously of what might have happened had she not loved and been beloved by Edmund Standen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LUNCH COUNTER.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 854.]



RICHARD WAGNER, MUSICAL COMPOSER.

RICHARD WAGNER.

Richard Wagner, the "musician of the future," was born in 1813, at Leipsic, his father, an officer in the police, dying six months after his son's birth. Brought up by his step-father, young Wagner, as a child, contrary to the usual run of geniuses, manifested no particular sign of talent. He was first intended for a painter, but making no progress with the brush, it was thought he might possibly have a taste for the sister art, music, he having learned a few tunes on the piano. At the age of nine the boy first showed a symptom of that queer contrariety which has ever been his chief characteristic. He drove his tutor to despair by the obstinacy of his fingers in the "rudiments," while he might be caught picking out the overture of *Der Freischütz* by ear when alone. His studies were not confined solely to music, and he was reckoned in the Dresden University particularly apt at the classics, ancient history, and heathen mythology. To this affection for ancient lore much of his "theory" is doubtless due, as also the fact that he has invariably written his own *librettos*. Indeed, Wagner began dramatic writing while a lad at Dresden, spending over two years in the compound of a most terrible tragedy—a combination of *King Lear* and *Hamlet*, and wherein forty-two persons were killed, mostly to reappear in spiritual form. From Dresden he went to Leipsic, and, fired by Beethoven's *Egmont*, put music to his play, and then began to write orchestral compositions. Having had his first essay in public—an overture at the Leipsic theatre—well laughed at by the audience, he began to feel the necessity for a regular musical education, and accordingly placed himself under Theodor Weinlig, and studied hard the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. In 1833 Wagner composed his first opera, *Die Feen*, and two years subsequently produced the *Novice of Palermo*, which at once caught the public taste. The following year he became director of the Magdeburg Theatre, where, in 1836, he brought out *Das Liebesverbot*, a musical transcription of *Measure for Measure*—an unquestionable failure. In 1837 he went to Paris with the first two acts of his five-act tragic opera *Rienzi*, but notwithstanding letters of introduction from Meyerbeer, failed to get it accepted, and for some years had to make a living by writing articles for the musical papers and composing musical pot-boilers, though in no way neglecting more serious work, as during this time, among other things, he composed the music to his *Flying Dutchman*—a work but of seven weeks.

In 1842 *Rienzi* was played at Dresden, where it at once proved an immense success, and Wagner at last found himself famous, partially popu-

lar, conductor of the Dresden Opera-house, and the King of Saxony's *Capellmeister*. The *Flying Dutchman* followed, and subsequently *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* and a host of less celebrated compositions. In 1848, WAGNER, getting involved in political troubles, had to fly to Zurich, and in 1855 went to London on an invitation to conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society for that season. In 1861 he was enabled to return to Germany, and subsequently traveled through Austria and Russia, conducting concerts of his own works with universal success. In 1866, youthful King LUDWIG of Bavaria, struck with the music of the *Flying Dutchman*, called WAGNER to Munich, and has ever since remained his warmest patron, admirer, and friend—the opera at Munich being noted for the splendor of its "appointments," thanks to the genius of the composer and the liberality of the sovereign.

We can not here enter upon a dissertation of Herr WAGNER's theory for the music of the future, which for the past twenty years has been the subject of the most bitter controversy in musical circles throughout Europe and this country. For the benefit of the uninitiated, however, we may state that this musical theory amounts to a revolution in the whole art of dramatic music. What Herr WAGNER aims at is simply the abolition of the traditional air, duet, and trio as so many separate parts, and the blending of the whole composition into one long continuous strain of harmony. In his last enterprise—the forth-coming performances of his stupendous work, the *Lay of the Nibelungen*, at his new theatre, constructed after his own heart and after his own plans at Bayreuth—Herr WAGNER purposes new reforms in audience, orchestra, and company. These performances will last four days, and are to be repeated three times. It is not, however, for the performance of the *Nibelungen* alone that these funds are demanded. Herr WAGNER has greater plans in view: no less than the establishment of a German national theatre, in which the German musical drama shall be brought—according to his own idea—to the highest state of perfection.

THE DEMAND OF THE FOREIGN PRIESTS.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

THE extraordinary imprudence with which the Roman Catholic leaders are forcing onward that religious policy which must at last bring them into conflict with all their fellow-citizens is no longer to be overlooked even by the most tolerant of politicians. The point on which they make their first assault upon American institutions is the common school. This they are pledged to eradicate and destroy. The Pope has commanded, his infallible voice must be obeyed, and his inferior ministers in New York and Cincinnati, in Boston or Chicago, are laboring together to undermine and to betray that fair system of public instruction which has alone given life to freedom. To reach their object the papal leaders early seized upon the Democratic party, and made it the instrument of their swift advance. Three years ago the war upon the public schools in New York assumed that importance which has at last made it a chief element in our national politics. By the active aid of the Catholic Democracy or its dependents, of TWEED, SWEENY, HALL, and CONNOLLY, KIERNAN and BRENNAN, O'GORMAN, LYNCH, MORRISSEY, and WOOD, the assault upon the non-sectarian schools was made successful, and the Legislature passed the act giving the excise fund to the denominational schools. It need not be told that the larger part of this money was seized upon by the Roman Catholics. They founded at once a throng of parochial schools; they raised fine buildings, and employed their foreign teachers. The Board of Education was wholly in their power, and it needed but a few more years of the rule of the Catholic Democracy to give them a complete triumph over American education.

But three years ago the people revolted against the Catholic rulers. The Orange riots and the public frauds betrayed the nature of the corrupt despotism that had been fixed upon New York. The Catholic Democracy was driven from power, covered with its ineffaceable shame, and the friends of education once more trusted that the public schools were safe. The contest since then has languished, but has never ceased. All the petty and all the gross and shameless artifices of the priesthood have been employed to retain in office corrupt officials and to revive the strength of the enemies of the public schools. The last Board of Education was not permitted to die until the control of its successor had been assured. Catholic Democrats still rule in high places, and the most corrupt of our people often guide the most honest. But the time has gone by when a generous delicacy may be exhibited toward the Papal Church in American politics, and however scrupulous we may be in avoiding all political action upon matters of faith, the rude assault of the priesthood upon American education must be repelled with rigorous decision. The quarrel is of their own creating; they have insisted upon the destruction of the public schools; every official and every legislator elected by the Catholic Democracy is pledged to carry out their purpose, and no Republican and no reformer deserves the support of the people who is not resolute to defeat their design.

We scarcely needed the direct command of Bishop GILMOUR to his churches to teach us that the unfortunate contest had been kindled by all the arts of spiritual dictation, and that Catholics are to be driven to the polls in free America by the terrors of excommunication. On this subject the priests have long allowed no right of private judgment. They command their people to leave the public schools, and if they have heretofore been often disobeyed, they are resolved that this shall happen no longer. Menaces and excommunications hang over the disobedient. In a recent instance the priest in one of our lower wards visited his congregation at their homes and drove the children to the parochial school. And his efforts were so successful that the public school was nearly abandoned, and with foreign banners and strange emblems of religious discord and of ceaseless strife, the helpless victims were taken from the care of the public teachers and intrusted to the priests. Foreign teachers have been imported from Italy in large numbers. The enemies of progress are placed in charge of the education of our children; and it is easy to conceive that the advocates of the worst forms of European tyranny will labor to create among us a generation pledged to a lasting hostility to freedom, and eager to corrupt the sources of public morality. Nor is it an uninstructive circumstance that the wards where the Catholic schools are most flourishing were those that gave an immense majority for WILLIAM M. TWEED for a Senatorship long after his frauds were made public, and which still form the strongholds of the chiefs of Tammany Hall.

There can in future be but two parties—one the defender of American education, and one eager for its destruction. Romanism has disclosed its dangerous designs; it can be defeated only by the close union of all the friends of progress. Nor, we believe, will the people in every section of the Union hesitate in their defense of American principles and liberal culture, or permit any man to be chosen to a public office who is not the firm friend of popular education. In such a crisis the American citizen who yields to the menaces, the flatteries, or the bribes of the aggressive priesthood deserves, and will encounter, the condemnation of the community.

THE LUNCH COUNTER.

THE "lunch counter," which is so graphically represented in our illustration on page 852, is a peculiarly American institution. People of other nationalities prefer, as a general rule, to be leisurely and deliberate in the matter of eating and drinking, and to make even the noonday lunch a time of rest and enjoyment. But the average American regards hunger and thirst as impertinences, to be got rid of with as little loss of time as possible. Instead of sitting down quietly at a table when lunch-time arrives, he rushes from his place of business to the nearest eating-saloon, jumps on a high stool before the lunch counter, and swallows a plate of oysters or a piece of beef with as little relish and enjoyment as if he were taking a pill. His only object is to "get outside" of what he calls for without losing a minute. A little more attention to the æsthetics of eating would banish the long list of dyspeptic ailments to which American business men are so generally subject.

GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

GLOUCESTER, of whose beautiful harbor we give an illustration on page 844, lies on the south side of the peninsula of Cape Ann, Massachusetts, and is chiefly noted for its immense fishing interests. It has a greater amount of tonnage employed in domestic fisheries than any other town in the United States. During the recent storms, which swept the New England coasts with such terrible fury, the Gloucester fishermen met with severe losses, and hundreds of families in the town were thrown into mourning.

Gloucester was first occupied as a fishing station in 1624, being the earliest settlement made on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay. Its harbor is one of the best on the coast, and is accessible at all seasons for vessels of the largest class.

VIENNA PREMIUMS AGAIN, AND THE AMERICAN SEWING-MACHINES

BY reference to the "General Regulations of the Vienna Universal Exhibition," published by Archduke Regnier, President of the Imperial Commission, we find medals were to be awarded, in the Mechanical Department, in two classes—one for MERIT, and one for PROGRESS. The medal for *merit* was for the article possessing the greatest merit of its kind and class; and the medal for *progress* for the article or thing which had made the greatest progression toward perfection. (In this country, the award of progress would be called a *second* premium.) Hence we conclude that, as the Wilson Sewing-Machine was the only sewing-machine that received the Grand Medal of Merit, when the awards were made at the Vienna Exposition, it must have been the best sewing-machine on exhibition; although other sewing-machines that received medals for progress should not be considered very inferior machines. At the great American Centennial Exposition of 1876, they may have so improved as to equal the world-renowned Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machine.—*New York Tribune, Sept. 8th*, 1873.

INSTEAD of Bitter use Sweet Quinine.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A Lady, who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

THE best "ELASTIC TRUSS" in the world is now sold by POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y., for Three Dollars. ☞ Write to them for full particulars.

SURGICAL Elastic Stockings for enlarged veins, and Supporting Belts, of best quality, at POMEROY'S, 744 Broadway, New York.

CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes are not effected by heat, cold, drought, or dampness, and therefore commend themselves to all.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES Commend themselves to all sensible parents, as with them their children's shoes will wear three times longer than without.

THREE PAIR Best 2-Button Kid Gloves, $2 75; single pair sent, postpaid, $1 00. Also, a well-selected stock of Millinery Goods, Laces, Dress-Trimmings, &c. Price-List sent free on application. J. TAYLOR'S BAZAR, 353 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

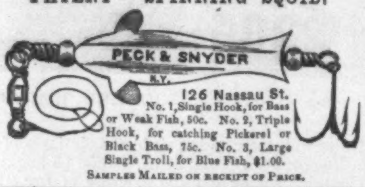
Science of Health. FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE at $2 00 a year; or, on trial Six Months $1 00. S. R. WELLS, 389 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Save Twenty Per Cent. by Buying
GUNS,
BREECH & MUZZLE LOADING,
Selected by one of our firm in Europe from most reliable manufacturers,
GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION,
From
POULTNEY, TRIMBLE & CO.
Importers,
No. 200 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
Baltimore, Md.
Send for DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.

WEBSTER'S PATENT
BUTTON HOLE WORKER
Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871. *Is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect* Button-hole Worker *ever invented.* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

Lloyd's Patent Adjustable Cornices
ARE SOLD BY
Carrington, De Zouche, & Co., Philadelphia; E. F. Hollister & Co., Chicago; L. H. Chester & Co., Buffalo; Beckwith Sterling & Co., Cleveland; Wm. M. Whitney & Co., Albany; and all the leading Curtain and Furniture Houses in the U. S.
G. L. KELTY & COMP'Y,
Manufacturers, N. Y.

Skin Diseases a Specialty.
DR. J. M. VANDYKE, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is the only regular physician that makes the treatment of Skin Diseases a specialty. Those who wish to consult him, either in person or by letter, will find him to be first-class in his specialty.
Skin Diseases and their Symptoms.
ACNE, (PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS).—Symptoms—Hard, small pimples with black points; affect the forehead, cheeks, and nose of both sexes.
ECZEMA, (TETTER).—Symptoms—Blisters form, which burst and dry into a yellowish or dark crust, may be in the form of scales; affects all parts of the body.
WOMEN'S RED RASH OF THE FACE.—Symptoms—Congestion of the skin of the face, with red patches and red spots, pimples, and roughness of the skin.
BARBER'S ITCH.—Symptoms—First, a red, itchy patch is seen, mattery pustules form, become quite hard, and shaving becomes painful. A burning sensation is present.
PRURIGO, (INTENSE ITCHING), Which begins when the clothing is removed; increased by the warmth of the bed. No eruption except that produced by scratching.
The above and all Skin Diseases cured by Dr. J. M. VanDyke. New York Office, No. 6 West 16th Street; Philadelphia Office, 1126 Walnut Street. The Doctor can be consulted either by letter or in person at either office.

PATENT "SPINNING SQUID."


126 Nassau St.
No. 1, Single Hook, for Bass or Weak Fish, 50c. No. 2, Triple Hook, for catching Pickerel or Black Bass, 75c. No. 3, Large Single Troll, for Blue Fish, $1.00.
SAMPLES MAILED ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

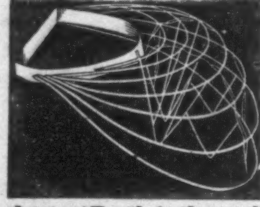
DON'T Throw Away Your Money.—*To the Public.*—For over 26 years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment has been sold; every bottle has been warranted, and not one has been returned. Thousands of certificates of its wonderful curative properties can be seen at the Depot. It will do all, and more, than it is recommended for. It is perfectly safe to take internally. See oath with every bottle. It cures Cholera, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sea Sickness, Chronic Rheumatism, Sprains, Old Sores, Cuts, &c. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS! JOHN P. MOORE'S SONS, 204 Broadway. Safe, cheap, accurate, destructive. ☞ Send for Circular.

VIENNA
PREMIUMS.
THE WILSON SHUTTLE
SEWING-MACHINES
Received the Grand
PRIZE MEDAL
AND MEDAL OF HONOR
FOR THE
BEST SEWING-MACHINE,
THE BEST MADE SEWING-MACHINES,
AND THREE
Co-Operative Medals
FOR
The Best Made Set of Harness,
The Best Made Side Saddle,
The Best Boot and Shoe Work,
And the Best Samples of Cloth Sewing.

No other Sewing-Machines received Premiums on their merits, which we will prove by evidence at our office, and that all reports relating to the contrary are false.

Machines Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.
SALESROOM:
707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
And all other Cities in the United States.

THE STANDARD LOTTA BUSTLE.

A diploma has been awarded by the American Institute to A. W. Thomas, Patentee & Manufacturer for the lightest, strongest, most durable, comfortable, elastic, and cheapest Bustle in the market. The wearer can sit in any position whatever without bending or injuring it in the slightest degree, it closing entirely up on sitting, and returning with precision to its original shape on arising. The heaviest dress will not cause it to diminish its size, or change its perfect form (as is generally the fault). No ladies' wardrobe complete without the Standard Lotta Bustle. For sale every where. Ask for Nos. 10, 11, 15, 18, 22, &c., comprising the various sizes and styles. Patentee and Wholesale Manufacturer, 91 White St., N.Y.; & 801 Race St., Phila.
☞ ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR IT.

N. Y. Safety Steam Power Co.,
30 CORTLANDT ST.,
NEW YORK.

Superior STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS, by special machinery and duplication of parts. They are Safe, Economical, Easily Managed, and not liable to derangement. Their COMBINED ENGINE AND BOILER is peculiarly adapted to all purposes requiring small power. More than 400 engines, from 2 to 100 horse power, in use. Send for illustrated circular.

THE PERKINS & HOUSE
SAFETY LAMPS,
Safety Filling Cans & Lanterns,
☞ FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERY WHERE.
MANUFACTURED BY
CLEVELAND NON-EXPLOSIVE LAMP CO.,
42 BARCLAY STREET, N. Y., and
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THREE PLY ROOFING,
In Use Ten Years.
A good article, well recommended, and suitable for either steep or flat roofs. Send for Circular and Samples. MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

BOYS, LOOK! Send for our new Eureka Combination Card Printer; has Type, Press, Ink, Bronze, Nippers, Pad, and Elegant Case for $2 75—a complete printing-office. Ask your father to buy it. W. B. GORHAM & CO., 7½ School St., Boston.

TEXAN LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT
THE GENUINE AMERICAN ARTICLE
More concentrated, better, and cheaper than any other. $3 per pound. For sale every where, and by A. GLANZ, Sole Agent, 194 William St., New York.

OPERA, Field, and Marine Glasses. Barometers foretelling changeable weather, Travelers' Barometers for measuring Mountains, Miners' or Dip-Needle Compasses for tracing Iron Ore. All of first quality. Orders filled by mail. Send stamp for particulars. Wholesale & Retail. Robt. Merrill & Sons, Imp't's, 141 Water St., N.Y.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 276 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Enough said."

MAHOGANY,
WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, RED & SPANISH CEDAR,
AND ALL KINDS
HARD WOODS,
In Logs, Boards, Plank, and Veneers.
GEO. W. READ & CO.,
Office, Mill, and Yard, 186 to 200 Lewis Street, cor. 6th, E. R., New York.
☞ Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.
☞ Inclose 3c. stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.

FIRE! FIRE!
We are now offering our Entire Stock of Veneers, Slightly damaged by water by the fire of 12th inst., at our Branch Salesrooms, 170 and 172 Centre Street, at
LESS THAN HALF THEIR COST.
A rare chance is offered to large buyers. Hungarian and French Walnut, Figured and Plain Walnut, Maple, Ash, Oak, Thuya, Amboine, &c., &c. Choice Woods at a great bargain. Must be sold at once.
GEO. W. READ & CO.,
186 to 200 Lewis Street, E. R.

VENEER CUTTING MACHINES FOR SALE.
ONE ROTARY MACHINE,
Cutting 4 feet long and 4 feet diameter.
ONE SLICING MACHINE,
Cutting 5 feet 6 inches long.
Both in perfect order, with Pulleys, Shafting, &c. Complete for immediate use. Price low. Address
GEO. W. READ & CO.,
186 to 200 Lewis Street, E. R., New York.

ROGERS'
GROUPS OF
STATUARY.
From $10 to $25.
"The Favored Scholar,"
A New Group, Price $18.
Inclose Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

HARRISON, BRADFORD, & CO'S
STEEL PENS.
Special attention called to the well-known numbers,
505—75—28—20 & 22.
Factory, Mt. Vernon; Office, 75 John Street, N. Y.

FINE FURS.
A large assortment, at less than manufacturers' prices. Send for Price-List. Orders promptly attended to and sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination.
J. TAYLOR'S BAZAR, 353 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.

TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	No. 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

GRANDEST SCHEME EVER KNOWN.

4th Grand Gift Concert
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

12,000 CASH GIFTS, $1,500,000.

$250,000 FOR $50.

The Fourth Grand Gift Concert, authorized by special act of the Legislature, for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, will take place in Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky.,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

Only Sixty thousand tickets will be sold. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts.

At this Concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

$1,500,000

divided into 12,000 cash gifts, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		17,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to		$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets, $50; Halves, $25; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole Tickets for $500; 22½ Tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole Tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole Tickets for $10,000. No discount on less than $500 worth of Tickets at a time.

Tickets now ready for sale, and all orders accompanied by the money promptly filled. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent Public Library Ky., and Manager Gift Concert, Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.
Or **THOS. H. HAYS,**
609 Broadway, New York.

F. J. KALDENBERG, manufacturer of all kinds of Meerschaum Goods & Amber Work. Repairing, Boiling in Wax & new process, Ambers, &c. Send for Circulars and Price-Lists. Box 91. Store **71 Nassau, cor. John, & 4 & 6 John Street, near Broadway, New York.**

PERFECTION!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
Beware of Counterfeits.

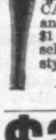
HAWKES' PATENT FOUNTAIN PEN SAVES 1-3 TIME. NO INKSTAND REQUIRED. HOLDER FITS ANY PEN. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY MANF. OF THIS STYLE OF PEN. BY MAIL, $2, $2 50, $3 50, $4 00, $5 00, $6 00. GOLD PENS, AND CHARM PENCILS. PENS REPAIRED, 50c. SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR. GEO. F. HAWKES, 64 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.

U. S. Piano Co., 810 Broadway, N. Y.

A BAG OF GOLD
Can be made in sixty days, canvassing with that marvelous Franco-American Pastelle Picture called "THE COMING WAVE," which is given to every subscriber to that Gem of Monthlies, OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, for Young and Old. We allow large extra commissions, and pay them in **Gold Coin.** Sample copy of Magazine, terms, &c., sent on receipt of 15 cents by DURKEE & FOXCROFT, 151 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—**BOOK AGENTS,** to sell new and popular books. Books that are admirably adapted to the season, viz: *Anecdotes of Public Men*, by John W. Forney; *Farm Ballads*, by Will Carleton; *I Go a-Fishing*, by W. C. Prime; Miss Beecher's *Housekeeper and Healthkeeper*; *The Fishing Tourist*, by Charles Hallock. Liberal inducements offered. For further particulars, inquire of or address
AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y.



$20 A DAY FOR MEN AND WOMEN who take the money for "THE LADIES' CASKET"—a beautiful Box with gold edges and clasp—4 by 2½ inches—Book style—contains $1 12 worth of articles of daily use. Is new—sells at sight. One sample for 60 cents, or two styles for $1 00, postpaid, with circulars. Address
CITY NOVELTY CO.,
1505 Pennsylvania Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

$30 PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every County in the U.S. Address *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 130 Maiden Lane, N.Y., or Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN MEN, GIRLS, AND BOYS wanted, to sell our French and American Jewelry, Books, Games, &c., in their own localities. ☞ NO CAPITAL NEEDED. Catalogue Terms, &c., sent FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED.—Samples sent free by mail. Two new articles, salable as flour. Address H. N. WHITE, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS.—Address COWAN & Co., 8th St., New York, for *best* selling book published, $30 a week and expenses. **Salary** or **Commission.**

$10 A DAY. Employment for all. Patent Novelties. G. L. FELTON & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N.Y.

NOVELTY PRINTING-PRESSES.
The Best yet Invented FOR AMATEUR & BUSINESS PURPOSES,
And Unsurpassed for General Job Printers.
OVER 8000 IN USE.
BENJ. O. WOODS, Manufacturer,
And Dealer in Every Description of
PRINTING MATERIAL,
349-351 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston; Branch Store, 543 Broadway & 88 Mercer St., N. Y. Agents, Kelly, Howell, & Ludwig, Philadelphia; A. C. Kellogg, Chicago, Ill. **Send for Pamphlet.**

IMITATION GOLD WATCHES, CHAINS AND JEWELRY.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold. Prices, $15, $20 and $25 each. Ladies', Gents' and Boys' sizes. Patent Levers, Hunting Cases and Chronometer Balance, equal in appearance and for time to Gold Watches. Chains from $2 to $12 each. All the latest styles of Jewelry at one-tenth the cost of gold. Goods sent C. O. D., by express; by ordering six you get one free. Send postal order, and we will send the goods free of expense. Send Stamp for our Illustrated Circular. Address, COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON.
The spiciest and best selling book ever published. It tells all about the *Credit Mobilier Scandal*, Senatorial Briberies, Congressmen, Rings, Lobbies, and the Wonderful Sights of the National Capital. It sells quick. Send for Circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., New York, or NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia and Chicago.

$1500 yearly made by agents in their spare moments selling our 32 new articles. Send 25c. for sample. Catalogue free. *Am. Novelty Co.*, 302 B'way, N.Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1873.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY. JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR. A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The *Postage* on the Magazine, within the United States, is 24 cents a year; on the Weekly and Bazar, 20 cents a year, payable at the office where received. Subscribers in Canada must send 24 cents for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. When no date is specified, it is understood that the subscription for the Magazine begins with the current Volume; for the Weekly or Bazar, with the Number next after the date of the order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the following works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

I.
THE LAND OF MOAB. The Result of Travels and Discoveries on the East Side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan. By H. B. TRISTRAM, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Master of the Greatham Hospital, and Honorary Canon of Durham. With New Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $2 50.

II.
FLAMMARION'S ATMOSPHERE. The Atmosphere. Translated from the French of CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. With 10 Chromo-Lithographs, and 86 Woodcuts. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

III.
TYERMAN'S OXFORD METHODISTS. The Oxford Methodists: Memoirs of the Rev. Messrs. Clayton, Ingham, Gambold, Hervey, and Broughton, with Biographical Notices of others. By the Rev. L. TYERMAN, Author of "Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley," &c. With Steel Portraits. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. (*Uniform with Tyerman's "Life of John Wesley."*)

IV.
THE BAZAR BOOK OF HEALTH. The Dwelling, the Nursery, the Bedroom, the Dining-Room, the Parlor, the Library, the Kitchen, the Sick-Room. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. (*Uniform in style and price with the "Bazar Book of Decorum."*)

V.
CASTELAR'S OLD ROME AND NEW ITALY. Old Rome and New Italy. By EMILIO CASTELAR. Translated by Mrs. ARTHUR ARNOLD. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

VI.
LIFE OF ALFRED COOKMAN. The Life of the Rev. Alfred Cookman. By H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D. With Portrait on Steel. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

VII.
I GO A-FISHING. By W. C. PRIME, Author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," "Tent Life in the Holy Land," "Later Years," "The Old House by the River," &c. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VIII.
ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN. By JOHN W. FORNEY. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE NEW NOVELS
OF
THE SEASON
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.*

1.
MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "My Daughter Elinor," "Miss Van Kortland," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50. (*Nearly Ready.*)

2.
STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS. By Miss BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Eleanor's Victory," "Birds of Prey," "Lovels of Arden," "To the Bitter End," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

3.
A SIMPLETON: A Story of the Day. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Never Too Late to Mend," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

4.
TOO SOON: A Study of a Girl's Heart. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID, Author of "Patty," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

5.
INNOCENT. A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," "Chronicles of Carlingford," "John: a Love Story," "Brownlows," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

6.
WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW MAGDALEN. The New Magdalen. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Moonstone," "Man and Wife," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

7.
"'HE COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID." By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "On Guard," "Walter Goring," "Theo Leigh," "Played Out," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Wanted
More Farmers, *Ladies*, Ministers, Young Men and Women from *every* township, (*$30 to $75 a week guaranteed*) to act as Agents for
Mary Clemmer Ames' New Book,
TEN YEARS IN WASHINGTON.
It tells of the "*Inner Life*," wonders, marvels, mysteries, secret doings, &c., of the Capital, "**As a Woman Sees Them.**" It is actually *overflowing* with *spicy revelations*, humor, pathos and good things for all. It is indispensable to every wide-awake person,—man, woman, or child—is popular *everywhere*, with *everybody*, and is selling far and wide *by thousands*. **30** Engravings, Steel portrait of author. *Agents! don't miss this chance.* Money for **You** in this work. 'Terms **Big**; *particularly to readers of Harper's Weekly, in every State. Outfit* **Free** *to any one.* Reader! write at once for particulars (*free*) to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

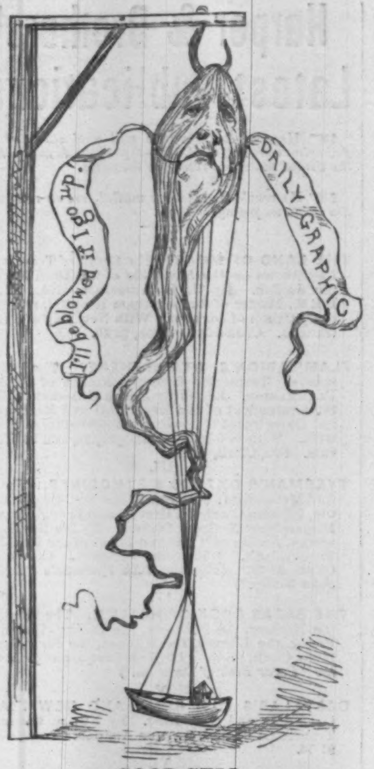
$13 PER DAY. A NEW ARTICLE for Agents. 200 per cent. profit. Send 25c. for sample and particulars. STACKPOLE, 62 John St., N. Y.

$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted every where. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

MASONIC.—Wanted, on salary or commission, F. A. M., as agents for the new work, splendidly illustrated, and of absorbing interest. Send for descriptive catalogue and terms. REDDING & CO., Publishers of Masonic Works, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED.—The United States Life Insurance Company is now reorganizing its Agency Department, and is prepared to negotiate with gentlemen of business ability to act as Agents. Previous connection with the business is not considered necessary. Apply at the Home Office, 261 Broadway. JOHN E. DeWITT, President.



GOOD-SELL.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT.

MISS AMANDA FITZ ALLAN. "Oh, Professor, on these lovely moonlight nights don't you feel as if you could soar upward to the realms of the Infinite?"

PROFESSOR WISE-ACRE. "Well, no; I was allers really a little skeery about balloonin'."

LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

WE SOON DISCOVER THERE ARE WORSE EVILS THAN PHYSICAL PAIN.

"Oh, Auntie darling! If the Ache *would* only Come on again *now!* It seems to have Gone away completely!"

Office of FISK & HATCH,
No. 5 Nassau St., New York, Sept. 13, 1873.

☞ The CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD is now completed and in regular operation. To increase its Equipment, and perfect its Terminal facilities and Deep-water connections with European Steamship Lines, and to accommodate the heavy **Coal and Mineral Traffic**, together with the growing **Iron and Miscellaneous Local and Through Business** now pressing upon the Line, we are selling, on behalf of the Company, a limited amount of their **SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD BONDS**, secured by mortgage liens on the whole valuable property at 90 and accrued interest; $1000 each, coupon or registered, payable, principal and interest, in gold coin, in New York City; interest January and July.

We also have a small amount of the **OLD SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO**; price 88½ and accrued interest; denominations $100, $500, and $1000, interest payable in New York City May and November.

The property has cost already upward of $38,000,000; it is worth to-day a much larger sum, and is constantly increasing in value. We can recommend both classes of Bonds, which are selling rapidly, with great confidence.

We also continue to deal in **Government and Central Pacific and Western Pacific Bonds**, execute orders at the Stock Exchange for investment Stocks and Bonds, receive deposits, on which we allow interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and conduct a general Banking business. FISK & HATCH.

HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA,
NEW YORK, PARIS,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
MILITARY,
Society Regalia,
Church, and Theatrical Goods,
Banners, Flags, Decorations, and Badges.
☞ MASONIC GOODS A SPECIALTY.
The Trade Supplied.
Mail orders and inquiries will receive our prompt attention.
HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.,
Fifth & Cherry Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,
747 BROADWAY, near EIGHTH ST.,
IMPORTERS OF
Porcelain and Pottery
From MINTON'S—WEDGWOOD'S—
ROYAL DRESDEN AND BERLIN
ANTIQUE AND ART GOODS.
JAPANESE
AND CHINESE
PORCELAIN.
GLASS,
FINE ENGLISH AND VENETIAN.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.
52,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pollak's GENUINE Meerschaum Goods
Manufactured at 1109 Broadway, near the Hoffman House, and at 27 John Street, in the middle of the block.
REPAIRING AND BOILING. Send for Circular.

PARK TOWNS, SEA-SIDE TOWNS, Cemeteries, Landscape Gardening, Country Places. ROBERT MORRIS COPELAND has made plans for **12** Park Towns, **19** Cemeteries, and **500** Public and Private Estates. He furnishes advice, plans, and superintendence for all kinds of Suburban and Rural Improvements. OFFICES, 19 City Exchange, BOSTON, MASS.; 705 Sansom Street, PHILADELPHIA; and Ridley Park, DELAWARE COUNTY, PA.

Stammering
CURED by Bates's Patent Appliances.
For description, &c., address
SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, N. Y.

THE TRAVELERS LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Apply to any Agent, or write to the Company.

FINE
DIAMONDS.
We have now for sale
One Pair Solitaire Earrings, 4 Carats, $700 *Currency.*
" " " " 5 " 900 "
" " " " 7 " 1500 "
" " " " 10¾ " 3300 "
All fine white matched stones.
Also, other sizes and Solitaire Rings at equally low prices. We deal in Diamonds of fine quality only, and will be happy to furnish information by mail in regard to prices, &c., to any who desire to purchase.
☞ Diamonds sent by Express for examination to responsible parties in any part of the country.
Howard & Co., DIAMOND MERCHANTS,
No. 222 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MAGIC LANTERNS

M'ALLISTER'S PATENT ARTOPTICON.
The most powerful Magic Lantern ever made; with a brilliant Oil Lamp; for Home, Sunday School and Lectures. Stereopticons, &c. Slides at reduced prices. *A profitable business for a man with small capital.* Send stamp for Catalogue.
W. MITCHELL M'ALLISTER,
1314 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

HARPER & BROTHERS'
CATALOGUE,
With Classified Index of Contents, sent by mail on receipt of Six Cents in postage Stamps, or it may be obtained gratuitously on personal application to the Publishers, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

WINTER RESORT.
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, Nassau, N. P., Bahamas. } WILL OPEN Nov. 1, 1873.
Persons desiring to escape the rigors of a Northern Winter can obtain Circular containing full information by addressing JAMES LIDGERWOOD, 758 Broadway, N. Y.
Please state that you saw this advertisement in "Harper's Weekly."

Printing Presses. *The Best Made!*
$6 Size for cards, labels, env. &c $11 Size for circulars, etc.
Business Men do their own printing For **Boys**, *Amateurs*, amusement and *money making*. Send stamp for circular. *Kelsey & Co. Meriden Conn*

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] Baltimore, Md.

ESTABLISHED IN 1858.
Highest Premium (Medal) Awarded and Indorsed by Certificate from the AMERICAN INSTITUTE as "The Best Article in the Market."
ASBESTOS ROOFING
The "**ASBESTOS ROOFING**" is a substantial and reliable material, which can be safely used in place of Tin, Slate, &c., on steep or flat roofs, in all climates. It is manufactured in rolls ready for use, and can be cheaply transported and easily applied. Also, Manufacturer of
ASBESTOS ROOF COATING AND CEMENT, ASBESTOS BOILER FELTING, SHEATHING FELTS, ASBESTOS BOARD AND PAPER, ASBESTOS, ASPHALTUM, &c.
These materials are prepared ready for use, can be applied by any one, and are put up for shipment to all parts of the world. ☞ Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, &c. Liberal inducements to General Merchants and Dealers.
These materials for sale by
KIRKWOOD & DUNKLEE, Chicago.
M. M. BUCK & CO., St. Louis, Mo.
RESOR ELBOW M'F'G CO., Cincinnati.
B. S. PARSONS, Galveston, Texas.
E. A. EDWARDS & CO., San Francisco, Cal.
H. W. JOHNS,
87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.,
Patentee and Sole Manufacturer of Asbestos Roofing, &c.

[A THRILLING STORY, COMPLETE.]

LITTLE COO-COO;

OR, THE KHITMUTGAR'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY, IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

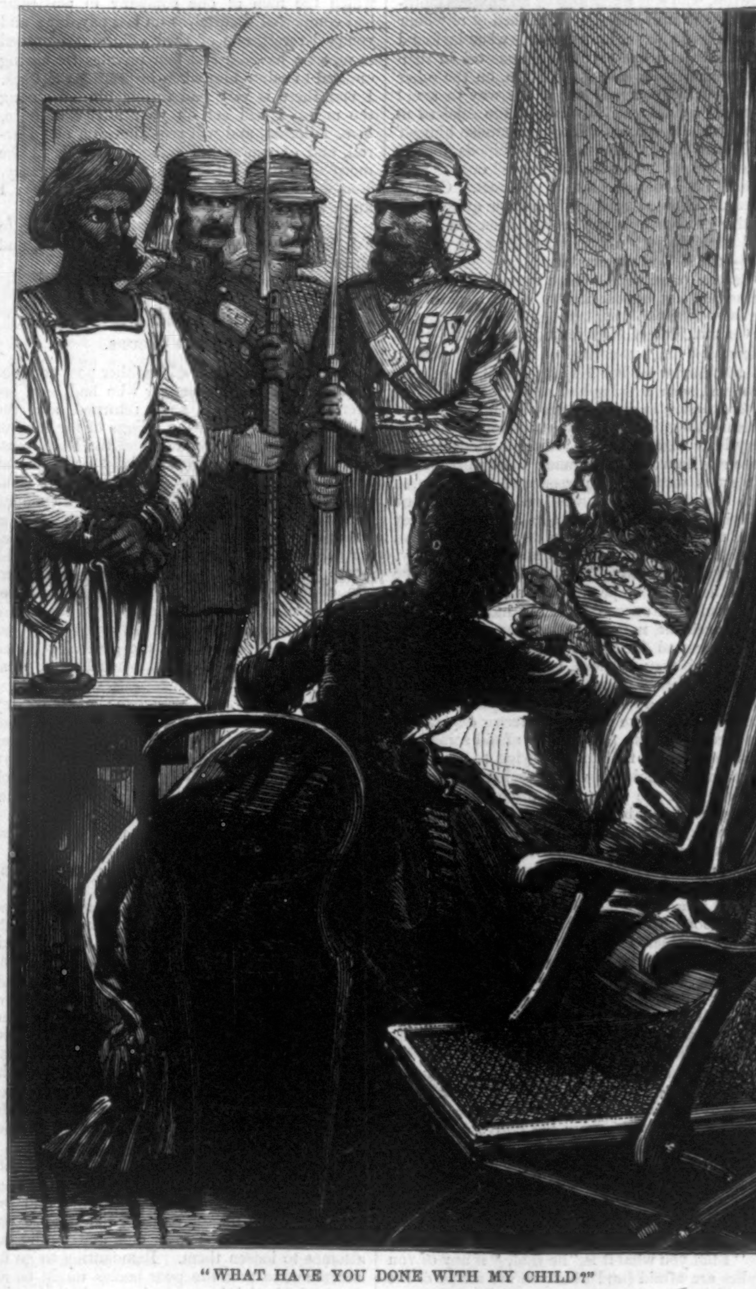
FOR A SMILE OF GOD THOU ART.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, dears (what an age that must seem to some of you young folk!), I married your uncle Edward, and accompanied him shortly after to India. We were both of us young and hopeful then, and had a shadowy idea that we were going to shake the pagoda-tree, realize a handsome fortune in less than no time, and return to Old England to spend it. Ah, well, few persons have their expectations fulfilled in this world, and we were among the disappointed ones. A captain's pay is easily told—far more easily spent — and we had heavy claims on our slender purse, both at home and abroad, which effectually precluded our banker's account from ever showing a comfortable balance in our favor.

After several moves, in the course of which we had many hardships to encounter and trying climates to contend with (for India, my dears, is by no means the paradise some of you believe it to be), my husband's regiment, 133d, was ordered to Feringheabad, a pleasant, healthy station about seventy miles distant from Cawnpore; rather isolated, but we did not mind that; conducive to economy, for living was very cheap there; and having for me the additional charm of being situated on the well-wooded banks of a beautiful river. We all thought ourselves very fortunate, the more so that we had heard a whispered rumor that the 133d were first on the roster for England.

Not very long after our arrival at Feringheabad, a young officer, a lieutenant, Fred Wilson by name, who had been absent on a two-years' furlough to Europe, rejoined us with his wife and child. Estelle Wilson was a lovely little Frenchwoman of two-and-twenty, though she looked far younger; very petite, with a glorious mass of dark curly hair, and a pair of brilliant velvety brown eyes, which could look very lovingly into yours, and take your heart by storm if their owner so willed it, and could also flash and sparkle very ominously when the little woman's ire was aroused. She had been a ward of Frederick's mother, one of the old noblesse of France, who resided in seclusion at the family château in Brittany. There Fred, while on a visit to his mother, had met her, and the results were those which not unfrequently ensue when two young people of opposite sexes—both good-looking, lively, and attractive, and with many tastes in common—are thrown daily into each other's society. There was, however, no imprudence in the marriage which followed, for Estelle de Vigny was an heiress, and brought her husband no mean dowry. Leave the army to be dependent on his wife's fortune Fred would not; and, indeed, Estelle, for her part, was nothing loath to visit the so-called gorgeous East. They were a well-matched couple. Fred idolized his Fairy Queen, as we called her, and seemed to think of nothing but her comfort, and how to lessen for her in every possible way the almost inevitable discomforts of life in a marching regiment. As for Estelle, I think she literally did worship, little pagan, the ground her husband trod on; and all other husbands, no matter how estimable, suffered by comparison with "mon Frédéric." At first I used to get impatient with the little thing, and tell her she would certainly spoil the man if she made so much of him to his face. However, one day, when I had, I suppose, been rather too severe in my strictures, the little creature burst into a passionate flood of tears, saying, in her pretty broken English, "Oh, Madame Burgoyne, you do not really think that Frederick has begun to love his poor foolish little wife the less because she would willingly die for him, and tells him so?" After that I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, and for the future, I blush to own it, rather encouraged her in the belief that "mon Frédéric" was little short of a demi-god. He was in reality a very ordinary young Englishman, thoroughly good and kind-hearted, not very clever, and, I fear, easily enough imposed on, but sincere, honest, and high-principled. He was, moreover, a very giant for strength, six feet two in his stockings, and broad in proportion; curly-headed, blue-eyed, a good shot, excellent horseman—when he could get a horse to carry him—and a "stunner" at all manly sports. I believe it was partly for his muscle that his wife adored him. Women, little ones especially, entertain considerable reverence for strength, probably because it is one of the qualities which they find it quite hopeless to dispute with the other sex.

One other object shared Estelle's heart with him; this was the child, a lovely little Titania, who took more after her father than her mother, being blue-eyed and golden-haired. She was just fourteen months old when she arrived, and from that moment was installed as "Daughter of the Regiment." Never child ran so fair a chance of being spoiled. From the rough soldiers and their wives—terrible viragoes some of them—to Colonel Rose, who had always been regarded as a child-eating ogre by most mothers (of obnoxious children), little Coo-Coo was considered a precious thing to be petted and cuddled, humored and made much of, and on which the breath of heaven must not blow too roughly. Antoinette was the child's real name, but her father had called her Coo-Coo from a low dove-like sound she used to make when lying a baby in her cradle; so Coo-Coo she remained. Estelle loved the little one with a fierce, passionate love, which almost made me shudder, for I knew only too well how precarious a child's life is in the Indian climate. I think she would have been bitterly disappointed had her little daughter not met with the notice and admiration she excited, yet she was jealous and fearful lest Coo-Coo should love any one better or even as well as herself. With me it was different. I believe the dear little woman remembered that I was a mother and yet childless, for all that remained to me of my own bonny winsome bairns were two little brown mounds in the grave-yard at Mooltan. Anyhow, she used constantly to send Coo-Coo and her black nurse over to our bungalow,



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY CHILD?"

until the child won our hearts with her pretty ways, and my husband and I came to love her as dearly as though she had been our very own.

She was a sweet little child, and always so nicely dressed. No little princess could have had a more exquisite wardrobe, and many a bit of delicate costly lace of her own did Estelle sacrifice to deck some dainty garment of her darling's. I used to laugh, and say, "Ah, my dear, when you have half a dozen children you will be less particular; plain long-cloth will do for them." Then she would pout her pretty lips, and reply with some saucy speech that made us laugh.

I grew very fond of mother and child; and, indeed, no one could help loving Estelle—she was so bright and tender-hearted, always ready to do a kind thing for any one. If there were illness in a house, or trouble, there she was sure to be found; and somehow her very presence seemed to make sorrow lighter. She was no angel; far from it! Indeed, I believe she on more than one occasion horrified the chaplain by starting some peculiar theological theories of her own, and utterly refusing to be convinced by him of the error of her ways. She was merely a deliciously free, impulsive, loving morsel of humanity, without a spice of selfishness in her whole composition, who, if she offended you by some careless impetuous speech, would come back the next moment and, flinging her arms round your neck, cry till you forgave her, which process did not usually take long to accomplish. She was milliner and mantua-maker in chief to the station; and if we wanted new bonnets, or were in difficulty as to the color of the dresses to accompany them, Estelle was called in and settled the knotty point, peremptorily, in five minutes. She would also bustle about among the women of Fred's company, scolding the unruly, bestowing advice where it was needed, and generally leaving some tangible trace of her presence behind in the shape of a basin of soup for a sick child, or some little comfort for an ailing mother. One strong trait in this girl's character was that she could never bear to see cruelty or tyranny of any kind exercised. Any helpless thing, whether child or animal, found its way at once to her great loving heart; and legion were the homeless and starving Pariah dogs who got fed at her expense.

I remember so well one day, as we were strolling past some native huts, we suddenly heard the cry of an animal in distress, and, on proceeding farther, came upon a wretched little black boy who had erected a gallows in miniature, from which dangled, its tongue protruded, its eyes starting out of its head, a poor half-strangled cat. The little fiend, stark-naked, save for half a yard of string round his waist, was yelling and dancing round his agonized victim, while a crowd of village children, in a similar light and airy garb, seemed thoroughly to appreciate this new and attractive entertainment. Estelle sprang forward, her eyes gleaming, tore down the gibbet, freed the poor animal, and then, turning to the amateur Calcraft, who had been too much astonished to run away, bestowed on him, with her little plump well-gloved hand, half a dozen resounding smacks which sent him howling to his mother. That accomplished, she picked up pussy, gave her into my charge, and tearing off her gloves, threw them into the adjoining jungle. "Peste," she exclaimed, "how I hate these natives, the cruel cowardly brutes!—cruel, cowardly from their cradles." How cruel, how cowardly, she was yet to learn, poor child!

And now I must relate to you a little incident which bears strongly on my story, which was, in fact, the primary cause of all the trouble which followed. The Wilsons had a head-servant, or khitmutgar, by name Alladeen, for whom I had conceived the greatest aversion. Why, I really could not tell; I suppose it was on the old "Dr. Fell" principle; but I could not endure the man. He had been brought up from boyhood by General Wilson, Fred's late father, and had been the latter's dressing-boy and general factotum up to the time of his marriage, when he was immediately installed as butler in chief. Fred thought him perfection, and congratulated his wife on the possession of such a treasure. Estelle detested the "treasure," because he evidently looked upon her as a child (and that *only* a female one), and on one or two occasions actually referred her orders to his master for confirmation. This feminine flesh and blood could not brook; so Estelle, in a fury, marched off to Fred, and demanded the instant dismissal of his protégé. At this Fred laughed, and told her it was impossible; she must not think of such a thing—he would as soon think of dismissing her (this last jokingly). She left the room in high dudgeon, and encountered Mr. Alladeen in the veranda. He had evidently been eavesdropping, for he could not, well regulated as the native countenance generally is, repress a slight smile of triumph. Very slight it was, scarcely perceptible; but Estelle never forgave him for it.

I felt very angry with Fred for not upholding his wife's authority; a most necessary thing to do in an Indian household, and in a land where women are so thoroughly despised, the status of a fair one in that benighted country being incomparably below that of a horse, and slightly above that of a cow. However, it seldom answers to interfere between married couples; so I was silent, merely advising Estelle to have as little to do with Alladeen as possible. To tell the truth, I was afraid the little lady's temper would get the better of her; and that my fears were far from groundless was shortly apparent.

One morning I went over to have a chat with Estelle on some business connected with our regimental school, and was persuaded to stay to tiffin. At that meal, which is to my mind the pleasantest and most social of the day in India, Alladeen stood with folded arms behind his master's chair, Mrs. Wilson sitting opposite. The man was a fine-looking Mussulman, tall, erect, with a long black beard and a pair of piercing evil-looking dark eyes. A decidedly striking individual on the whole, his face and figure showing to advantage in the spotless white robe and green-and-gold turban in which he was clad. During a pause in our conversation, devoted to the consumption of a peculiarly tempting soufflet, I happened to raise my eyes suddenly from my plate, and intercepted such a glance of malignant hate directed by the servant at his unconscious mistress that I felt cold from head to foot.

After lunch, when Fred had gone off to smoke a cheroot, I told Estelle what I had seen, and asked her in what way she had managed to offend Mr. Alladeen. She colored, looked annoyed, and at last said,

"Dear Mrs. Burgoyne, if I tell you, you'll promise not to tell Major Burgoyne or — or Fred."

"Surely not," said I; and forthwith out it all came.

It appeared that two or three days previous Alladeen had flatly disobeyed some trifling order of his mistress with regard to a particular dish for dinner, quietly substituting some concoction of his own, which, he said, "master would like better." After dinner, Estelle sent for him, and in her anger, forgetting how matters stood, exclaimed, "If you ever dare to disobey me again, I will discharge you at once." The man folded his arms, looked at her contemptuously, as a giant might regard a pigmy, and said, calmly, "Yes, missus send away, master call back." The cool insolence of the reply was too much for Estelle's fiery southern blood; and, in her anger, scarcely knowing or caring what she did, she took off her dainty little high-heeled shoe, and struck the offender with it on the mouth. (This, I must explain, is, in the estimation of a Mussulman, the *ne plus ultra* of insult; and from a woman's hand is simply unbearable degradation.) Estelle said he looked as if he could have killed her, and for the moment she felt frightened at what she had done. However, an instant after, Alladeen disappeared, muttering some Hindoostanee words which she could not understand. She thought he had gone to complain to Fred, and she rather quailed; for, with all her affection for him, she stood in awe of her big husband. It was soon, however, evident that such was not his intention; in fact, his whole manner altered toward her from that day, and he became perfectly respectful, and most assiduous in carrying out her orders to the letter. This change of behavior did not, nevertheless, reassure me, and I felt very uneasy about Estelle while the man remained under her roof. I knew a Mussulman would never forgive such an insult from one of the soulless sex, more especially as a fellow-servant, a low-caste Hindoo, had been a delighted witness to his degradation. Besides, I had seen that awful glance, and I was not a little disquieted.

I dare say you have heard how fond native servants usually are of their little white charges, foolishly fond, for rather than let a child cry they will give it any thing it wants, however unreasonable or injurious. They even look upon you as a perfect tyrant, if you mildly suggest that playthings other than a valuable book or engraving might be found for a mischievous child of two or three years old; your remonstrances, moreover, will not deter them from allowing missy baba, or the little sahib, to destroy your most cherished ornaments; so in self-defense you are at last compelled to lock up every thing of a perishable nature; otherwise your statuettes will bear a closer resemblance to the antique than is perhaps desirable, and the pages of your photographic album, which the native invariably looks at upside down, will be decorated with neat illuminated margins of dirty finger-marks redolent of cocoa-nut oil.

The effect of this treatment on young children is most prejudicial, causing them frequently to transfer a large portion of their affection from

the parents, who are kind but judicious, to the swarthy attendants, who are kind and injudicious, and whom the unreasoning little ones justly regard as stepping-stones to the region of forbidden happiness. I have often seen a child, when reproved by its mother for some little fault or act of disobedience, run to its ayah, or bearer, for comfort, being by her received as an injured innocent, and even the mother's cruel conduct commented on to its face.

Coo-Coo was spoiled in precisely this manner, and by no one so much as Alladeen, of whom she was passionately fond. He was continually bringing her queer toys of native manufacture, horrible sweetmeats made of coarse sugar and rancid *ghee* (clarified butter), which Estelle most sternly interdicted, some oranges, or a few plantains or figs. He was perpetually inventing some new amusement for her; and, indeed, if the stern inflexible man were capable of loving any thing, it was that bright sunny-haired English child. Her great delight was to sit with Alladeen in the early morning or cool of the evening in a little hut by the river-side, which he had made for her of green boughs. Here the pair would stay for hours, throwing stones into the water, or watching the rats and water-snakes, or the bits of drift-wood floating down stream to the Ganges far away. Now and then what looked like a great brown log would come sailing slowly along, and as it came closer the log would suddenly become endowed with life, and would open a great pair of fierce ugly jaws garnished with terrible teeth, and shut them again with a sound like the snap of a spring lock; and then the child would cling closer to Alladeen and hide her frightened little face on his shoulder, for she knew that a "mugger," or alligator, had passed by. Then Alladeen would soothe her with plaintive weird Bengalee songs, which if she understood she was wiser than the rest of us.

I don't think Estelle at all approved of this attachment; but what could she do? You can not tell your own servant *not* to look after your own child; and the man was really most devoted to the little one. What aggravated the mother chiefly was that sometimes, if Coo-Coo were sick or cross, and Estelle tried to take her, the child would push her away, crying, "No, no; Alladeen—me go to Alladeen!" Once her mother would not give in, and sent Alladeen into another room while she tried to pacify the little girl; but naughty Coo-Coo kicked and screamed, and finally nearly cried herself into convulsions, at which juncture Fred interfered, Alladeen was recalled, and peace restored.

In this way matters continued until the beginning of May, 1857, when that "little cloud no bigger than a man's hand" appeared, to darken the horizon, and, alas, alas! to shut out forever from the eyes of hundreds of our countrymen and countrywomen the light of an earthly sun. Strange rumors were afloat, and we knew not whence they came, and, like the fiery cross, the chupatty circulated from village to village, and we knew not what the sign meant.

Besides our regiment (one wing of which was stationed at Lahore), there were at Feringheabad two regiments of native infantry, full strength, the 144th and 175th, a squadron of irregular cavalry, part of a field battery of artillery (Europeans), and a handful of native police. The Brigadier commanding the station, General Tillotson, a "Company's" officer, was one of those foolish, obstinate old men then, alas! only too common, whose chief article of faith was the fidelity, loyalty, and incorruptibility of the whole native army. "By George, Sir," the old fellow would say, with occasionally a much stronger expletive, "you think Jack Sepoy would mutiny, do you? Then, by George, Sir, I tell you I would rather trust him—a thousand times rather—than your beggarly British troops, your fine gentlemen who were reared in cabins with the pigs; and now, forsooth, nothing is good enough for them, and foreign service is a d—d hardship, and they must have every thing done for them and live like fighting cocks, the lazy good-for-nothing *soors* (pigs), d—n 'em!" And the old officer would get so red in the face and so puffy in the wind—those were the days of tight stocks—that he had it all his own way; for the officers were afraid of his going off in a fit of apoplexy before their faces; and with all his pig-headedness they liked the old boy, and never dreamed of quarreling with him for riding his favorite hobby a little too often. Mrs. Tillotson, his wife, was one of the most charming, as well as one of the ugliest, women I ever met. She was very tall, bony, and angular, a straight-up-and-down sort of figure, with large hands and feet. Her eyes, which were the best part of her, were dark gray, large and clear, the one good feature in her face, but her nose was preternaturally long, and her mouth very wide, displaying, however, when she laughed, which was pretty often, a set of white regular teeth. Anent that same nose, the first Sunday after our arrival, as our men were coming out of church, one of them was overheard to say to his comrade, "I say, Bill, did yer see the she-brigadier? Beant her nose like a sword-scabbard?" Somebody had the effrontery to repeat the story to Mrs. Tillotson—indeed, I believe it was her husband—and the dear old soul was mightily amused thereat, and laughed till she cried. Nature had certainly been unkind to her as far as externals went, but had, perhaps in a fit of remorse for her clumsy workmanship, endowed the possessor of a plain face and ungainly body with a great soul and a noble intellect such as rarely fall to the lot of women. You entered Margery Tillotson's drawing-room thinking, "Dear me, what a hideous creature! What could her husband have seen in her?" And you left it saying, "Where on earth did that woman get her wonderful power of fascination, her sparkling wit, her fund of anecdote and information?" She was a second Madame de Staël, as clever, as witty, as plain, but far more amiable. Forty she was if a day, and yet men would leave the side of younger and fairer partners for the sake of ten minutes' chat with clever Mrs. Tillotson. Her wit, like poor Sydney Smith's, never hurt any one. Gentle Margery would not willingly have harmed a fly, far less a human being. She was of a singularly cheerful, happy disposition, though there had been many crosses in her early life, and the kind motherly woman was childless; still, from the time she made up her mind that it was the will of God that for her no young voices should ever make sweet music, nor little feet patter over her silent floor, from that time she was resigned, and devoted herself to her old husband, her books, and her music with redoubled energy.

The other residents in our station were ordinary people enough, such as one meets by scores all over India: there were the collector, Mr. Thornton, with his pretty little wife, a bride of eighteen; the judge and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell; and the civil surgeon, Dr. O'Brien, a rough-and-ready Irishman, with very original and startling notions on the subject of medicine and surgery. He had an easy time of it, good man; for the caution given to all new-comers was, "Well, if you particularly value your life, don't send for O'Brien; we wouldn't have him for a sick cat."

What medical practice there was, therefore, chiefly devolved on our regimental surgeon, Dr. Newton, who was worshiped by all anxious mothers, for he would turn out of his bed at any hour of the night, and not even grumble when he found that the attack had no more serious origin than "too much plum-cake." O'Brien, on the other hand, would go a mile out of his way to avoid mother or child; so he was only too rejoiced to give up his legitimate calling and amuse himself by killing quadrupeds instead of bipeds, merely substituting a "Westley Richards" or a "Sam Smith" for a prescription or a lancet. On the whole, I believe he found the former quite as effective in their own way as had been the latter, and the only person who suffered by the change was—the station undertaker.

Several other people there were; but as their names do not appear in my story, I spare you an introduction.

On the 10th of May some surprise was occasioned by the non-arrival of our *postal runner*, as the carrier of her Majesty's mails is called; however, such a thing had sometimes happened before, owing in one instance to the presence of a man-eating tiger in the neighborhood, who with very little regard for her Majesty's messenger (I dare say he would have made short work of her Majesty's own sacred person had she ventured into his district) swallowed up the unfortunate individual, mail-bags and all; at any rate they were never found. Another day—no post—and another, and then we became seriously uneasy. My husband and Mr. Thornton rode down to the post-office, and the postmaster, a Mussulman, either could not or would not say more than that some accident must have befallen the runner. When pressed for further explanation he grew sulky, and even insolent, for which the gentlemen threatened to report him. From thence they cantered down to the telegraph-office, and there the half-caste clerk, with terror depicted in his face, told them that he was afraid something was very wrong, for that on trying to send off a message to Delhi that very morning he had discovered that the wires were disconnected—cut, he feared; and by whom? Edward and Mr. Thornton returned home, both determined to keep silence for fear of alarming the ladies, at least until something more definite became known. I knew by my husband's manner that he had heard disagreeable news; but as he generally sooner or later made me the confidante of all his troubles, I waited patiently, thinking he would do so on this occasion. That evening there was a large dinner-party at the general's, but somehow no one seemed in good spirits. My husband answered questions in the most absurdly irrelevant manner, and the usually amusing Mr. Thornton was as silent as the grave. At dessert, when the servants had been sent away, the conversation turned upon (what had been occupying all our thoughts at dinner) the uncomfortable state of things in the native army, and the indubitable ill-feeling which prevailed among the Brahmin and Mussulman soldiers anent the greased-cartridge question. Was there any chance of a mutiny, a general one? And if so, would we be able to hold our own? Quickly the general remounted his hobby.

"I tell you what it is," he said, "if any of you ladies are afraid (and what you are afraid of the Lord knows), and can't sleep at night, I can have some of the commissariat tents pitched for you on the ground facing the huts of the 175th, my old regiment—true as steel, by Jove—and they'll take care of you, by George they will!"

I saw, and Margery's quick eyes saw also, a look of horror pass over my husband's face (Mr. Thornton was so taken aback that he put the shell instead of the kernel of a fine walnut into his mouth, and crunched it, to the lasting detriment of two back teeth), but he merely compressed his lips and answered, quickly,

"I don't think we need trouble you, general, thanks all the same; our old 133d will, I trust, be equal to taking care of the women and children, though they are only British soldiers!"

"Ay," said Colonel Rose, "they'll be safer with us than with those—"

But my husband gave him a warning glance and he was silent, while Margery, with her woman's tact, quickly diverted the conversation into another channel.

After dinner, when we were taking our coffee in the veranda, Mrs. Tillotson asked my husband to examine with her some engravings lately sent her from Paris. As they were bending over the portfolio, she said, softly,

"Major Burgoyne, you have heard bad news; tell me the worst; you know I can keep a secret."

And he told her. After all, there was not much to tell, but she looked grave, and after a pause said,

"Listen to me, Major Burgoyne; I have no right to offer advice, but you have taken it from me before. On no account allow any reports you may hear to reach the general's ears; you know what he is, the good, kind, unsuspicious old man, and he might, in the heat of the moment, be guilty of some hasty, injudicious act which would have the effect of hastening on an outbreak, if such, indeed, be contemplated, and place all our lives in jeopardy. My ayah told me only this morning that an old fakir had arrived from Meerut, bringing news of a disturbance there, in which several Europeans had lost their lives. Now, Major Burgoyne, this may or may not be true; you know how little reliance is to be placed on the word of a native; still I do think we ought to take some steps, so that we may not be altogether unprepared should any thing serious occur. It would be worse than useless to consult the general; you know his views on the subject; and if every other regiment in the service were to mutiny, he would still place implicit faith in the fidelity of his old corps, the 175th."

"The 175th!" said my husband. "Why, only yesterday the adjutant complained to me of the sullen, almost disrespectful, manner in which the men of one company in particular had comported themselves on last pay-day; and young Everett, one of their officers, threatened to report a havildar and four privates for having omitted to salute him when inspecting the lines. I fear there is very bad feeling abroad among the men. I will act on your advice at once, Mrs. Tillotson, and will see Thornton and Darrell, and of course the colonel, about it in the morning. Rose is the man for any emergency. Remember, not a word to any of the ladies; I know I can trust you."

She bowed her head, and crossed the room to ask Estelle some question about Coo-Coo, and shortly after the party broke up.

CHAPTER II.

GATHERING CLOUDS.

Two days more, and still neither post nor telegram. At last a messenger who had been secretly dispatched for news returned, and the whole camp rang with the tidings of the Meerut outbreak on the 10th May, and the Delhi massacre on the 11th. Providentially for us, just at this epoch the general was attacked with a rather severe form of malarious fever, which confined him to bed, and the command of the station therefore devolved on Colonel Rose, as next senior officer. No better man could have filled the post at that trying crisis. He was cool, deliberate, clear-headed, had seen much actual service, and, above all, thoroughly understood the native character, and as thoroughly distrusted it. What would have happened had the general retained command I tremble to think, when I relate what followed.

On the 13th of June, no active signs of mutiny having up to that time shown themselves in our station, my husband went out for his evening ride by the banks of the river, and on his return he was white to the very lips, and his hand shook as he held it out for a "peg," a form of stimulant in which he very rarely indulged.

"For God's sake, Edward, tell me what has occurred to make you look like that?" I cried.

"Hush," he said, hoarsely; "come into my dressing-room and I will tell you."

And shuddering the while, strong man and old soldier as he was, he told me that riding absently, with loosened rein, by the river-side, his horse had suddenly swerved, nearly unseating him, and had then stood still and refused to advance. Dismounting to see what could have frightened the Arab, a plucky little hog-hunter, his attention was attracted by a white object which lay among the reeds, close inshore, and to his intense horror he discovered it to be the corpse of a young English girl, terribly hacked with sabre-cuts, and with a bullet-wound in the left side. A little child, apparently about Coo-Coo's age, was clasped tightly to her breast.

My husband tied the horse to a tree, and with some little difficulty managed to draw the poor thing out of the water, and laid her and her child on the bank. The dead hands were rigidly closed round the little one, and he did not attempt to loosen them. Remounting to go for assistance, so that the poor bodies might be removed for burial, he suddenly perceived the glitter of a gold chain round the dead woman's neck. Thinking it might hereafter prove a clue to her identity, being of rare and curious workmanship, he removed it with gentle hands and the shrinking, half-fearful respect with which the living handle the head. To it he found a small double locket attached, containing the portrait of a fine-looking young man in artillery uniform, and two locks of hair, one dark, the other a golden curl, evidently cut from the head of a little child. On the reverse of the trinket was an inscription, "From Arthur to Annie, 30th March 1856."

He put the ornament—ah, if it could but have spoken!—into his pocket, and rode home.

"Oh, Eleanor," he said, "some of the devil's work has been going on somewhere within the last few hours." Then rising suddenly, he announced his intention of going at once to Mr. Fenwick the chaplain, to arrange for the quiet interment of the poor young creature and her child the following morning.

"Don't stay long," I whispered; "and oh, Edward, Estelle and her husband, Colonel Rose, the Darrells, and the Thorntons are coming to dinner to-night, and they—the ladies, I mean—must *not* know of this."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied, adding in a bitter tone, "God grant that they may not hear of worse nearer home!" and he was off.

Our guests arrived, and sick at heart, yet striving hard to preserve a cheerful exterior, I sat down with them, without my husband. As I look back upon that time now, after all these years, I feel what a singularly strange and solemn one it was. There we were, with a more terrible sword than that of Damocles hanging over our heads, eating and drinking, fulfilling our ordinary duties and social engagements, not marrying though or giving in marriage, for no man was rash enough to plight his troth to a girl who might in one short month be left a widow. Most of us were conscious of the fate which seemed creeping slowly but surely toward us, the more ghastly for that as yet there was no immediate herald of its approach. We *felt* danger in the very air, in the food we ate, in the water we drank (for in the East poison is but too frequently had recourse to); we saw it in the insolent manner and sinister glances of the hirelings who served us, and in the bearing of every man and woman in the station, though they tried bravely to conceal their fears; and yet we knew not where to look for our enemies, nor had we a clearly founded suspicion even of the quarter from which attack was likely to come.

So from our relations as master and servant all confidence fled, and mistrust, felt on both sides, took its place. Some of those around us—many, no doubt—were guiltless in action and intent, but we classed all alike. We Europeans clung to each other in that terrible time like the poor terrified animals who, when their prairie home is devastated by fire, take refuge together on some tiny island or floating raft; so forgetful for the time of all natural animosity in the one great struggle to preserve the life which God has given to all alike, that for the nonce the lion will verily lie down with the lamb, and the wolf refrain from touching the sheep. So it was with us then. Women who had hated each other with a mortal hatred laid aside their bitter feelings, and became friendly and helpful. Men who had sat for months side by side at the mess-table, without exchanging a syllable, now grasped hands in token of fellowship in one common cause. It was like a great settling-day, and in the matter of healing old breaches, and confessing sorrow for by-gone offenses, there were few defaulters.

When dinner was half over my husband came in, apologizing for his absence by saying that unforeseen official business had detained him, at which I saw a look of uneasiness appear on the faces of some of the guests, for our nerves were then in such a state of tension that even the sudden entry of any one startled us. Edward sat down, vainly tried to eat, played with his knife and fork, and at last sent away his plate almost untouched. As soon as possible I gave the signal for the ladies to rise, and leave the gentlemen to their wine. Very little of the latter appeared to suffice them, for presently the five left the table, and, being a friendly gathering without restraint or formality, called for their cheroots and strolled into the garden, as they knew I did not approve of smoking within doors. What followed I will relate as I heard it long afterward from my husband's lips.

Colonel Rose, Fred Wilson, and your uncle paired off together (if one can use the expression where three are concerned; it sounds like an Irishism); Mr. Thornton and Mr. Darrell following, and you can guess the subject of their conversation. Edward had of course spoken of that day's sad event, and producing the locket, singularly enough, Mr. Darrell, in the bright moonlight, recognized the portrait to be that of a young artillery officer, Captain Vance, who with his wife and child had, when he last heard of them, been stationed at Cawnpore. In the eagerness of their debate as to what means of defense it was advisable to adopt, the three first-named gentlemen had wandered through the "compound" gate out into an avenue of fig-trees which led on to the high-road. Before they had gone many yards, they suddenly became aware of the proximity of a crouching figure under one of the trees.

"Sahib, Sahib," said a voice, which Fred recognized as that of an old Seikh trooper who had once been the means of saving his father General Wilson's life, while on a tiger-shooting expedition, and had consequently a kind of claim on the family.

The old man rose from his crouching posture, approached the group, and speaking rapidly in Hindoostanee, said, "Sahibs, I have eaten 'Jan Kompany's'* salt for many years, and now I am not going to betray the English like my fellows. There is to be a rising to-morrow night at twelve o'clock, when most of you will be asleep in your beds; your bungalows are to be burned, and every European—man, woman, and child—will be massacred in cold blood. I don't ask you to believe me. If you doubt me, nay, whether you doubt me or not, let three of you, Rose Sahib, you Major Sahib, and the Collector Sahib, come at once to the old Motee Bāgh [or Pearl of Gardens]. It is now nearly ten o'clock; I am keeping watch there, for though I am at heart faithful to the English, I must feign otherwise, or I could not save your lives. I will conduct you to a place where, in comparative safety, you can hear and see all for yourselves, and then you can judge whether I have spoken truly. My Sahib," so he designated Fred, "must not go. No," said the old trooper firmly, as young Wilson remonstrated, "you are too fiery, like your father, and might, pardon me, Sahib, get us all into trouble. You must stay and take care of your little madam. Now come; there is no time to lose; they meet at twelve; and you have a long walk before you. The pass-word is Koosh rāho Bhāi [Be at ease, my brother]. I will take a short-cut through the

* Jan Kompany, the native name for the E. I. C. S.

fields, as I must return to my post. Follow me slowly and cautiously, keeping in the shadow of the trees; and when you hear an owl hoot three times you will know that it is safe for you to approach the great south entrance. I will meet you there, and manage the rest." The gentlemen acquiesced, and the old trooper disappeared.

Very pale they were as they prepared to follow him; Colonel Rose feeling, as he afterward confessed, very much like a rat walking knowingly into a trap. My husband and Mr. Thornton fortunately had implicit confidence in old Mora Singh's good faith.

They at length reached the Motee Bāgh, which was an old half-ruined palace originally built by the great Emperor Aurungzebe. Very beautiful and picturesque it looked in the moonlight, surrounded by thick foliage, and with a large ornamental lake in front, over which, their shadows reflected in the clear water below, drooped some dozen graceful palms, while the air was redolent with jasmine and the thousand other perfumes of a still Eastern night. A lovely spot, enough to make of the passing traveler a second Moore. I don't think, however, any of the party were in a mood to appreciate the beautiful, either in nature or art, just then.

Presently they heard the hooting of the owl, repeated thrice at regular intervals. Colonel Rose's heart still failed him, and he fervently wished for a good revolver; for, Crimean hero and V.C., as he was, he had no fancy for being decoyed unarmed, and killed without being able to do his enemies some damage in return. Nevertheless it was too late to repent, so on they went to the great south door, or rather to where it had once been. To the whispered challenge from old Mora, my husband replied, as he had been directed, "Koosh rāho Bhāi," and the old man, advancing out of the shadow of the gateway, led them silently up a flight of stone steps, through several winding passages, then down another flight of steps, until finally they found themselves in a tiny stone chamber, apparently an oubliette of the palace.

It was pitch-dark until old Mora struck a light, and, groping about on the flags, found a small circular stone to which an iron ring was attached. This he removed, disclosing an aperture about eight inches in diameter, through which he motioned them to look. They did so, and with difficulty managed to descry through the gloom, by means of the gleams of moonlight which found their way through broken places in the roof, a huge vaulted hall, floored with white, or what had once been white, marble.

"Aurungzebe," said the trooper, "had this secret chamber constructed, so that he might, when he pleased, overhear all conversation which went on in the great hall of audience below. Suspected persons were frequently decoyed there, and led on to speak of things which they had better have left alone. They say yonder marble flags, if raised, would disclose strange and ghastly secrets connected with people who visited the palace and never left it." (Colonel Rose devoutly prayed they three might not be of the number.) "My ancestors, servants of the great emperor, were alone acquainted with the existence of this chamber, and the secret, which was handed down from father to son, has, until to-night," said old Mora, proudly, "been kept inviolate. Now, Sahibs, I must leave you; remain perfectly still, and whatever you may see or hear, whatever treason even I may appear to talk, for your lives make no sound. If possible, I will release you to-night; but you must not be alarmed if you should have to remain prisoners till morning. Salam;" and with a profound obeisance, in an instant he extinguished the light, and departed, leaving them in total darkness.

They waited for what seemed to them an eternity. At last they heard voices below; torches were kindled in the great hall, the reflected light from which dimly illumined their dark hiding-place, and one by one dusky figures crept in and seated themselves in a circle on the floor. Your uncle said that to his dying day he would never forget that strange scene. The huge deserted room, from which a heavy charnel-like odor arose, and in which hundreds of great bats, startled from their haunts by the unusual light, flitted eerily to and fro; the ghostly shadows cast by the torches on the slimy moss-grown walls; and, above all, the dark savage faces of the conspirators, now nineteen in number, on which the red light flickered, making them look more like devils than men. Picture the scene to yourself, and think how all its weird horror must have been enhanced tenfold to those three men who, with beating hearts, crouched speechless overhead, awaiting the revelations which were to come.

Some dispute appeared to be going on as to whether proceedings were to commence at once, before the arrival of a twentieth person, who was evidently regarded by the majority as a leader. They talked and wrangled for a few minutes, until through the open doorway into the full blaze of light, shed by two torches held by a couple of Sepoys, walked about the last person my husband expected to see with such surroundings—the Wilsons' head-servant and inestimable treasure, Alladeen! This, then, was the reason why old Mora would not permit Fred to make one of the party.

The wretch salamed profoundly to the assemblage, excusing his tardy arrival on the ground that he could not get leave sooner. He then exchanged more particular salutations with the other two leaders, and, joining the circle, they commenced to unfold their hellish plot. Alladeen and an old native officer with a long white beard were the chief speakers; the others listened for the most part silently, only nodding or grunting acquiescence, or occasionally indulging in a slight murmur of applause when any thing peculiarly fiendish or atrocious was suggested. From their Dionysius's ear, which evidently possessed singular acoustic properties, the three Englishmen could hear every word distinctly. It was arranged that the following night, at twelve o'clock, the signal for a general rising should be given by letting off three sky-rockets; this would be the way of all others least likely to excite suspicion among the Europeans, as it is a common custom at native weddings to have pyrotechnic displays on a small scale. A party of mutineers were told off whose duty would be to visit the officers' bungalows, set fire to them, and sabre or shoot every European man or child they found. A second party were to go to the mess-house, where some youngsters might be finishing their evening with cards or billiards; they also were to be exterminated; while a third were to rush to the European barracks and married men's quarters, known as "Patcherries," and not to return while a white man, woman, or child remained alive. "But," said old Mora, rising and speaking in a loud clear voice, "what about the Mem-Sahibs (ladies)? Are they not to die?" "No," said the man with the beard; "at least not at first: we will draw lots for the Mem-Sahibs, and he who wins may take his prize and do what he likes with her, make her his slave or his wife, which he pleases." There was a howl of applause at this, and imagine what the feelings of those three listeners, two of them husbands, were.

From a fold of his white linen garment the native officer drew forth a list, from which he first proceeded to read aloud the names of every lady in the station; there were sixteen in all. He then tore up twenty slips of paper, inscribed sixteen with names, leaving four blank, and, tossing them into a turban handed it round amidst a dead silence. Each man drew a slip. The four holders of blanks in this awful lottery angrily tore theirs across and flung them away. The others grinned and yelled and made foul jests, more than ever like devils escaped from hell. Pretty little Mrs. Thornton fell to the lot of a hideous-looking Sepoy, with a loathsome pock-marked face, a broken nose, thick sensual lips, and the mark of a frightful sabre-cut down his left cheek. Her husband quivered all over, and would, I believe, have sworn aloud had not Edward placed his hand on his mouth, as the horrible black fiend praised the perfections of his prize, at the same time offering to dispose of her for fifty rupees and (the fellow was a noted drunkard) six bottles of brandy. Old Mora came to the rescue; the good old fellow knew what tortures those above must be undergoing, and cut short the would-be auctioneer's speech by saying, "Don't be a fool, Babajee; by this time to-morrow you can have hundreds of rupees and dozens of brandy for the mere shooting." Then another Sepoy, standing up, threw his slip from him with an oath. "Here is a nice prize," he yelled, "for him who likes to take it—the brigadier's madam!" There was a perfect burst of scoffs and jeers at this, and three out of the four blank-holders refused the offer contemptuously; the fourth cried, "Here, I will take her, and my wife shall make a sweeper of her, a fine ending for the clever Englishwoman who dares to think she has a soul." Our dear old Margery! Edward thanked God the General was not present. Cart-ropes would not have held him had he heard his cherished Margery so spoken of.

At last it came to Alladeen's turn to declare his luck. "Here," he said contemptuously, "I want no white wife, I have two of my own, and the one I have drawn is a she-devil [shaitanee]—my master's madam. Take her he who will, on one condition, that before he lays a finger on her he will allow me to speak to the lady for five minutes, nay two will suffice; then let him take my advice and kill her, or she will kill him!"

The bargain was soon struck, the torches extinguished, and one by one the birds of ill omen stole out into the night. An hour after the prisoners heard the hooting of the owl as before, and old Mora came to the secret chamber to release them. Their hearts were too full for words, but each in turn grasped the old Seikh's hand, and Colonel Rose felt for once thoroughly ashamed of himself. As they walked home, they discussed the line of action to be taken on the morrow, and ere they reached the camp the Colonel had proposed a scheme which met the undivided approval of the other gentlemen; what it was shall be told in due course.

In the mean time a terrible scene had been enacted in our bungalow. Fred and Mr. Darrell had soon returned, bearing a message from the others to the effect that they would probably not be home before one o'clock, as important business detained them (Fred dextrously led us to believe that there was a council of war at the mess); there was nothing for the ladies to be alarmed at, all being quiet, and none of us were to sit up for them.

Little Mrs. Thornton felt uneasy at the thought of going home without her husband, as they lived nearly a mile from our house; so I proposed to give her a bed for the night, of which offer she gladly availed herself. Estelle and Fred then rose to go, as they also lived some distance off.

"Well, Estelle," I said, "how is my pet?"

"Oh, Mrs. Burgoyne, she is so well, and looking so pretty; she shall go over and see you to-morrow, and show you the beautiful Paris hat and frock her grandmamma sent her. Dear little thing, she was fast asleep when I left her; and only fancy, that tiresome Alladeen asked for leave, just because he knew we were going out to dinner. I was obliged to give it him, or rather Fred made me, because the horrid creature said he was going to some relation's wedding or funeral; I forget which. Of course that was merely an excuse for a burra khana [big feed]; and he'll be ill for three days after, as these nasty creatures always are! If Coo-Coo wakes, and finds he is not beside her, a fine fit of screaming there'll be! Ayah? Oh, ayah is there of course, but the child detests her. Well, if Coo-Coo cries herself to death, it will be all Fred's fault, Mrs. Burgoyne." Then she kissed me, and, taking her husband's arm, walked briskly homeward.

About an hour after, as Mrs. Thornton was just getting into bed, and I was preparing to follow her example, though I scarcely expected to sleep much, we were startled by a violent knocking at the Venetian doors of my dressing-room, and the sound of a familiar voice, half moaning, half sobbing, "Oh, Mrs. Burgoyne, dear Mrs. Burgoyne, for God's sake let me in!"

I opened the door, and Estelle, her long hair floating over her shoulders, her face ghastly as the face of the dead, tottered into the room, and fell in a dead faint on the floor. I laid her, with poor frightened Mrs. Thornton's assistance, on a couch, and went for other help; and by the time I had succeeded in rousing two or three sleepy servants, and had dispatched one of them for Dr. O'Brien, who lived next door, Fred Wilson made his appearance. "For God's sake, Fred, tell me what has happened! Has—" and I stopped short, for a mild Hindoo had opened his sleepy eyes wide, and was evidently pricking up his ears at our conversation. What I heard was not what I expected, but it was quite bad enough.

Estelle, on reaching home very much fatigued, had undressed herself, for she never would allow the cold, clammy fingers of a native to touch her; and putting on a white wrapper, sat down to brush her hair. This done, she went to the other wing of the bungalow which contained Coo-Coo's nursery and a little play-room, to take her usual last look at her pet before retiring for the night. Every thing was in its place; the night lamp burning dimly in a far corner of the room, and the old ayah asleep and snoring on her mat on the floor. Estelle stole on tiptoe to the little white bed, raised the mosquito curtains, and—gave a piercing cry, which woke the startled ayah, and brought Fred in a second from his dressing-room on the other side of the house. The bed had been lain in, for there was the print of the child's soft round figure, and there lay the doll, her favorite bedfellow. But its little mistress was gone, and with her her little silk stockings and blue morocco shoes; her clothes were there intact, on a chair, just as Estelle had left them.

When interrogated, the ayah completely lost her head, as most natives, women especially, do on such occasions. She looked, and she rubbed her eyes, and looked again, but all her looking and rubbing could not put little Coo-Coo into the bed again. There it stood, with its fair white drapery and snowy sheets, but no little golden head pressed the lace-decked pillow.

All the old woman could say, and it was some time ere she recovered her power of speech sufficiently to say it, was "that at nine o'clock the child was certainly there, sleeping quietly; that she, the ayah, having eaten her food, had lain down on the floor at that hour precisely; and that, to the best of her knowledge, Coo-Coo Baba had never stirred since. God knew she was telling the truth!" tremulous with excitement. "Her master was at perfect liberty to cut her throat, but even by so doing he could not make her say otherwise!" And then she began to howl and tear her scanty gray locks, and rolled on the ground, and comported herself generally after the manner of a wild beast, as is the custom with the Oriental when in affliction.

Fred soon had quite enough of her, and as it was impossible to hear his own voice while she remained in the room, he directed his orderly to remove her to the quarter-guard until her further evidence could be taken on oath before a magistrate in the morning. Then the vials of the old lady's wrath were poured forth, and she treated Fred to a few of the choice and elegant epithets for which the classic tongue of Hindoostan carries off the palm from all other known languages. (Set down, let us say, a Billingsgate fish-woman, in the Bhendy bazar in Bombay; instruct her in the lingo, or translate it to her—if you dare; and I venture to predict even that hardened and not overparticular individual would quail at the phraseology in which the ordinary affairs of life and commerce are conducted by the mild Hindoo.)

When she was at last forcibly removed, kicking and biting the orderly in a wonderfully active manner, considering her years, the search began. All through the house and garden they went, even putting a torch into a bucket and lowering it down the well, but no Coo-Coo was there, or any where else.

Then Estelle, in her passionate agony of despair, rushed out of the house, crying, "I will go to Mr. Burgoyne;" and half dressed, weary as she was, the poor little creature tore down the road, and through the dark avenue, never pausing for breath until she reached my bungalow in the state I have described, Fred following at a more leisurely pace, for he felt that further search until morning would be unavailing.

All through that long night the wretched young mother lay in a sort of stupor, Dr. O'Brien watching beside her. Dr. Newton was also called in, but he could do nothing, nor, indeed, could all the faculty have ministered to "a mind so diseased" as poor Estelle's was then.

About three o'clock my husband returned, and was closeted with Dr. O'Brien for about half an hour. He did not tell me where he had been, nor did I seek to know, his face was to me a sufficient index to the troubled state of his mind; so I merely got him some tea, and begged him to go to bed for an hour or two, while I sat up with Estelle. Sleep he did not, for every now and then I could hear him pacing up and down his room with quick, impatient step. At four o'clock he ordered his horse, and went out, as I believed, and correctly, to attend the funeral of poor Mrs. Vance and her child. He soon returned, and called me, saying,

"Eleanor, is it not strange, when Fenwick sent bearers late last night to bring up the bodies, they could only find one, that of the mother, left; her arms were extended by her side, and the child was gone. I can't understand it, as yesterday they were clasped so rigidly round the little thing."

"Perhaps," I said, with a shudder, "a jackal or hyena may have—"

"Yes," replied my husband, "I thought of that, but why, then, was the mother's body left untouched? Fenwick says there was not a scratch on the hands. Well, she is buried now, poor thing, and it does not much signify; she and the little one have met in heaven long ago." Then he said, oh so gravely, "Eleanor, my dearest, I am going to parade now, and I believe matters are coming to a crisis. Please God we shall all return safely; but if He will otherwise, and I am no longer here to protect you, my dear brave wife, protect yourself with this—it does its work quickly. Don't use it rashly, nor until all hope is past, but—I need not tell *you* that a woman's motto as well as a man's, in these terrible days, should be, All is lost save honor."

Then he kissed me fondly once, twice, thrice, and was gone.

This was a bottle of prussic acid!

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM BURSTS.

I CREPT back to the room where poor Estelle was now tossing, fever-stricken, on my bed, and met Fred in uniform, with his sword on, coming out. He shook my hand, pointed silently to his wife, and passed on. I entered, and sat down beside Dr. O'Brien, but we spoke not a word.

Soon we heard the bugle sound for parade, then the measured tramp of men and the trot of the cavalry, and then the bands struck up merrily a lively quick-step (the Dead March would have been more in unison with the state of our hearts). After what seemed to us a long interval the music ceased; there was a dead silence, broken by a few ringing words of command; then silence again, for an instant only, and then a curious rattling sound, followed by the noise of many feet running swiftly down the road. Dr. O'Brien put his hand quickly to his breast, while I, with a ghastly face, felt in my pocket for that tiny bottle which might prove a welcome friend to poor Estelle and me; then he went to the window, looked out (the steps were now far off on the road to Cawnpore, not coming nearer as we at first feared), and gave a long sigh of relief.

"Thank God, Mrs. Burgoyne, it has succeeded!"

What "it" was I did not know then, but I took comfort from the hopefulness of his tone, and, the long strain over, wept like a child. I had often laughed at the worthy doctor and made fun of his brogue, but I doubt if the purest Tuscan would have sounded sweeter in my ears than his broad Cork accent did at that moment.

In half an hour my husband and Fred returned with beaming faces, and I then knew, for the first time, how they had gone forth that morning literally with their lives in their hands. Colonel Rose, a man whose name, a few weeks later, rang through the length and breadth of India, and for whose loss all England mourned, had planned and executed a scheme which, for its rare pluck and matchless daring, has rarely been excelled, and circumstances incidentally favored the carrying out of that scheme, without affording the guilty parties the slightest cause to think themselves suspected. A "burra (great) parade" had been ordered to take place on the morning of the intended outbreak, and of this fortunate circumstance the Colonel took advantage. The artillery, their three guns loaded with grape (this fact, however, being known only to the gunners), were drawn up, facing the two disaffected regiments, and close to the place where Colonel Rose with his staff, mounted, were standing. To the right were our gallant 133d, and to the left the irregular cavalry, whose fidelity was as yet any thing but certain. The tainted regiments first marched past, their bands playing and colors flying. They were a fine-looking set of men, and, to look at them, no one would have thought that in their midst that day black sedition and hideous murder lurked. They went through several manœuvres, finally drawing up in line for hedge firing; and it was now time for the cavalry and artillery to join in. Quick as lightning the Colonel dismounted, and going up to the nearest gun, took a lighted fuse from the hand of the gunner who served it, and with it in his right hand, ready to apply in a second, his left leaning on the gun, he gave the order, in his loud, clear, ringing tones, to "pile arms."* There was silence for one second, and then—the Sepoys of the suspected corps, completely off their guard, and struck stupid with amazement at the unexpectedness of the order, threw down their weapons, tore off their cross-belts, and in two minutes after both regiments were rushing pell-mell, in dire confusion, down the Cawnpore road. Seven troopers of the cavalry followed their example, and, putting spurs to their horses, galloped after them; the others held their ground, and as the last sounds of the retreating footsteps died away in the distance, there rose from the ranks of the English regiment cheer after cheer, which were taken up by a neighboring echo and repeated again and again. Such cheers, the unburdening of hundreds of hearts, the hearts, many of them, of husbands and fathers, which had brooded for weeks past silently over a danger which all recognized, but which from its insidious and

* A somewhat similar exploit was performed by General John Nicholson—*vide* Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*.

hidden nature they had been until then helpless to grapple with.

The cavalry remained immovable until this demonstration was over, and then old Mora Singh and another trooper left their places in the ranks, and approaching the Colonel, salaaming profoundly, begged to assure him, on the part of the whole regiment, that those whose fathers or themselves had, many of them, fought under the English at Chillianwalla or Sobraon were not now about to prove unfaithful to their salt, and that as for those seven recreant troopers, the curses of the whole regiment, whose "abroo," or honor, they had taken, went with them, and they would surely come to ill.

This declaration of allegiance the Colonel accepted in brief, well-chosen words, promising that the behavior of the regiment should not fail to be reported by him to higher authorities. As he remounted his horse, there burst forth another hearty English cheer, and I doubt if there were a man present that day who would not willingly have followed his lion-hearted leader there and then to meet death—ay, in its most appalling form.

Such was the tale my husband and Estelle's had to tell, and what I felt on hearing it I need scarcely say. But there was more to come.

"Mrs. Burgoyne," said Fred, "of all black-hearted villains, that servant of mine whom you so disliked is the blackest."

"What, Alladeen?" said I, not one whit surprised.

"Yes," he replied; "he was one of the chief ringleaders of the mutiny which we have just quelled. Thank God he has been arrested, and with several others will be blown from a gun to-morrow morning."

"Fred, Fred," I cried, a thought striking me, "is it not likely that Alladeen may be at the bottom of the child's disappearance? For God's sake make him speak before it be too late! If that poor girl be not relieved from her agonizing suspense, and that soon, I verily believe it will kill her."

Till that moment I think he had almost forgotten his wife and his own bitter sorrows; but then, looking up with an expression of helpless grief that I have only seen once in a strong man's face, thank God, he bowed his head on his hands, and great scalding drops trickled through his fingers. I left him, for I knew things must have gone hard indeed with Fred Wilson, that he, the great muscular Saxon, should cry like a woman.

When I returned he was himself again, and preparing to visit the guard-room where Alladeen was confined.

"Pray God you may be able to give us good news on your return!" I said.

"Pray God I may!" he replied, solemnly, wringing my hand.

It was late ere he came back, and Estelle had fallen into a deep quiet sleep, which induced us to hope for the best. If we only had good tidings to give her when she woke? And this Fred seemed to think would be the case. He had seen Alladeen, and the man had at first preserved a sullen silence; but when questioned closely, and told at the same time that pardon for him was quite out of the question, and that to-morrow he must die, he had at last admitted that he knew what had become of the child, but would impart his information to none but Estelle. He was told it was impossible for her to see him, as she was seriously ill.

Very well, he said; then he would die without telling any one, if he could not see *her*.

Cool and composed as ever he was, with death staring him in the face. Again they expostulated with him, still with the same success, until, half frantic, Fred left him, and between us it was arranged, with Dr. O'Brien's consent, that should Estelle be better in the morning, as we trusted she would, the prisoner, by Colonel Rose's permission, should be brought and confronted with her, as any thing would be preferable to being left in everlasting ignorance of the child's fate. All night we watched beside her, and still she slept, never stirring. At daybreak she awoke, just as Fred was anxiously bending over her. "Chéri," she said, softly, "chéri." And then we knew she was safe. It seemed a cruel thing to remind her so abruptly of her sorrow, but what could we do? It was the only hope that remained; she gladly consented to see Alladeen, and breathlessly we awaited his arrival.

At seven o'clock he came, guarded by four Europeans—a sergeant and three privates. They led him, heavily ironed, into Estelle's room, and stood—they dared not leave him—two on either side. At sight of him Estelle shook violently, and turned very pale; but commanding herself resolutely, she sat up in bed, holding on by the curtain, and cried, hoarsely,

"Speak, and tell me what you have done with my child!"

And he spoke; but to me it was more like the hissing of a serpent than a human voice.

"What have I done with your child? And why should you think I took your child? For revenge, because you, a woman, laughed at my beard? Pshaw, that would be a poor revenge; to hide your child, and then restore her, that you might love her a hundred times better than before! Nay, that is not revenge. I have her not, but I know where she is, and will tell you; but first let me give you a little present she has sent you." And with a devilish expression on his face he fumbled with his manacled hands in the "*kummerbund*," or waist-cloth, which he wore.

The sergeant sprang forward, suddenly remembering that, through some culpable negligence or oversight, they omitted to search their prisoner, and that now perhaps he might be in possession of some deadly drug or weapon wherewith to make away with himself, or to do some injury to Estelle.

"Here," said Alladeen, pointing to a small parcel which lay hidden amidst the massive folds of his girdle; "it is neither pistol nor poison; you left me no time for either; but if you are afraid, hand it to the Madam Sahib yourself."

Eagerly Estelle stretched forth her hand, and the sergeant gave the packet into her trembling little fingers.

I shall never forget that scene. The rough soldiers, with whom "the little missy" had been a great pet, sympathizing with the mother, kept solemn silence as she untied the knot which kept the parcel together, while the Mussulman, standing erect between his guard, stately and handsome, watched her intently with a curious smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

The packet was well secured in three covers; first a linen one, then a wax cloth such as is used by the natives to protect their correspondence from damp during the rainy season, then paper with cotton inside. As fast as her shaking hands would allow her, Estelle tore away each successive wrapper. When she came to the last one, an indescribably faint, sickening odor diffused itself through the room, she alone being too excited to perceive it, and we all started to our feet. Too late; for with a smile on her face, wondering what her child had sent her, she drew forth two tiny blue shoes, a fairy pair of silken socks, and oh, horror of horrors! the mutilated remains of two little feet severed above the ankle.

Then, to break the dead silence which had prevailed in the room, came a burst of awful indignation from the throats of those five Englishmen. Fred sprang over the bed and clutched Alladeen by the throat, and in five minutes more her Majesty's government would have been saved a charge of powder, had the soldiers not interfered.

"You forget, Sir," said the old sergeant, respectfully, when Fred's iron grasp had been removed, "the man is my prisoner under sentence of death, and I am responsible for his safe custody."

Then they led him off; but when he reached the door he looked back with his old imperturbable air, and said, "I would have died twenty deaths to see the English madam look as she does now. Ah, it was a noble revenge!"

They placed their hands on his mouth and, shuddering, hurried him away; and half an hour after, the vulture and the jackal were free to banquet undisturbed on the mangled remains, if they could find them, of this arch-traitor and consummate fiend. He died, as he had lived, careless and immovable to the last, secure, as his fearful creed taught him, of admission to the "regions of the blest."

When the door had closed behind him, for the first few minutes we could neither of us speak for horror; then we thought of Estelle, hoping that she had at least mercifully fallen into a state of unconsciousness of her misery. Unconscious of it she was, poor soul, but in a different way to what we had looked for. She was sitting up in bed, playing with and crooning over the ghastly relics of her bright, beautiful child, stroking her face with them, and chuckling to herself as she tried the dainty shoes on the poor little dead feet. "Ah," she screamed in her native tongue, "ils te vont bien n'est-ce pas, ma mie?" and then would come a burst of awful laughter, which made our very blood run cold. Dr. Newton was sent for, and was apprehensive of an attack of brain-fever, and all that night we watched by her while she tossed about in restless, fitful slumber; but fever she had none. When day dawned, we knew the truth. The mental shock, acting on a frame already enfeebled by sorrow and sickness, had been more than she could bear, and reason had left our beloved Estelle, it was feared forever.

The poor little remains, all that was left of our darling, the sweet fairy child who had been a very sunbeam to us all, were buried in consecrated ground, close to the spot where poor Mrs. Vance lay. Not there—it would have seemed a mockery—but inside the little station church, a fair white marble monument was erected:

"In memory of Antoinette Marie, only child of Frederick Wilson, Lieutenant in her Majesty's 133d Regiment of Foot, and of Estelle Marguérite his wife, who was barbarously murdered in June, 1857, aged four years and five months."

CHAPTER IV.

SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

A SHORT time afterward, when the station had been put in a state of defense, in case of a visit from the insurgents, all the women and children having taken refuge in a small fort close by, anxiously awaiting the re-enforcements for which the Colonel had applied, a messenger arrived post-haste from the general commanding the division before Delhi, ordering Colonel Rose to proceed there at once with the 133d and all available troops; the women, children, and invalids, among the latter General Tillotson, to be sent in charge of a detachment to Calcutta; and Feringheabad, in fact, to be evacuated.

After heart-breaking farewells, and weary journeyings through many perils, we arrived safely in the City of Palaces. There we remained until the close of the mutiny, and there we welcomed back the little remnant of our gallant regiment which shot and shell and pestilence had spared. Many there were to whom those farewells, spoken with bursting hearts and swimming eyes, proved eternal ones. Among them was our brave Colonel, who had latterly been appointed to the command of a brigade at Delhi.

In storming a breach, with his accustomed gallantry, he placed himself, conspicuous by his tall, fine figure and kingly bearing (it was said of him that he was a man born to rule), at the head of his men. A perfect hail of bullets and grape from the enemy's batteries was whizzing around them, and the ranks were thinning fast. The men regarded the undertaking as a forlorn hope, and so, indeed, it was, and for a second they hesitated and ceased to advance. Then Rose sprang forward, and obtaining a footing on a portion of the bastion, waved the men on with his sword. It was the last time his stately well-known figure was ever seen by many of them, for at that moment a rifle-ball from one of the enemy's sharp-shooters passed clean through his lungs, and he fell, mortally wounded, into the arms of one of his sergeants. And as he fell a shout of triumph went forth from the hostile force, for they knew the English had lost a great leader. The old sergeant laid his chief tenderly down for an instant, and, raising his rifle, the man who had deprived the army of John Rose's life paid for it with his own; but, ah me! it was a sorry exchange. He lingered on in terrible agony until evening, but no word of complaint nor moan of pain escaped that brave man's lips in his death-throes, lest those other sufferers who lay around him in the hospital tent, those less sorely wounded than himself, should hear him and be discouraged. As the darkness closed around, and the "cease firing" was sounded through the British lines, a smile stole over his face, and the friend who watched beside him bent down to catch the words he was striving hard to utter; they were words of love and comfort for his poor old widowed mother in England, the mother who had to weep for two other sons slain in that awful rebellion. Then he turned his head wearily away, and "the light that never was on sea or shore" shone on John Rose's brow, as he yielded up his great soul to the God who had made it to be so loving, so beloved. His grave is lone and solitary enough, in a spot near the Cashmere Gate; but his real tomb is in the hearts of the English men and women, who knew his worth as a commander and as a friend, and who loved him too well ever to need to be reminded of him by the fulsome eulogies of monumental marble.

Estelle had never recovered her reason, and had been, on arrival at Calcutta, sent home to Brittany under careful guardianship. She was very quiet usually, and gave little trouble, but the sight of a child at once brought on one of the old maniacal paroxysms. Such was the account Fred's mother wrote of her.

When India was restored to quietness and peace once more, my husband, whose health was greatly shattered by wounds and privations, and Fred Wilson, poor fellow, who had lost an arm before Delhi, obtained furlough to Europe, and with thankful hearts we took our passages in the P. and O. steamship *Cyrus*. For some days we were all of us too ill to leave our cabins, for the sea was very high, and nearly every one on board suffered severely from *mal de mer* (that name sounds a trifle less repugnant than the other one). As soon as I was able, I crawled on deck, and lying down on one of the benches, fell fast asleep. I was aroused suddenly by the familiar sound of a child's voice, a voice I knew, oh, so well. I rubbed my eyes and tried hard to persuade myself that I was asleep and dreaming, but no, I was wide awake; and there, standing beside me, in broad daylight, in the Bay of Bengal, her golden hair floating in the breeze, her blue eyes laughing at me, her rosy lips parted as if to speak, was the living, breathing image of little Coo-Coo!

I thought of all the ghastly stories I had read, of the apparition known as the "radiant child," of wraiths, of spirits of murdered people appearing to those dear to them; they all seemed to cross my brain in a single moment; and then—oh, my materialistic reader, don't be too hard on me—think of my weak state, and all the suffering I had endured, and don't laugh when I tell you that I went off in a dead faint. When I recovered, it was to find my husband bending over me.

"It was no spirit you saw, my love," he said, in answer to my rather incoherent questions, "but our own little Coo-Coo in the flesh, restored to her father's arms by a merciful Providence."

And so in truth it was, and I need scarcely say much amusement was excited among both passengers and crew by the story of "Mrs. Burgoyne's ghost." The child, it appeared, had, some months previously, been brought to the house of a Mr. Malcolmson, a wealthy civilian living at Garden Reach, by a native Mussulman woman. She told him that the little one, as he would find on washing the coloring from her face and hair, was a European child. It had been given into her charge at the commencement of the mutiny by her husband, whose name was Sheik Alladeen, and he had sent her and the child, dressed in native clothes and disguised, from Feringheabad, miles and miles away, to a village on the Hooghly, where his brother lived, threatening her with death should she ever divulge the little thing's parentage. She herself did not know her husband's motive in so acting, but from fear she would have kept the secret. However, news reached her that he was dead, had been hung or shot as a mutineer, she believed; and as she was a very poor woman and the child a great expense to her, she resolved to go to the nearest magistrate, who happened to be Mr. Malcolmson, and lay her case before him. The good old man received the child, and tried unsuccessfully to discover her relatives. Poor Coo-Coo had forgotten her father's name, having been taught, with many menaces, to call herself by the native one of "Luchmee." Advertisements were inserted in the two principal Indian newspapers, but none of us saw them, so of course they remained unanswered; and even had we noticed them, I doubt whether they would have excited our attention, as we should never have dreamed of connecting the lost child of the Hooghly village with our darling, whom we only thought of as safe in heaven.

Mr. Malcolmson, being on the eve of departure for England, at last determined to adopt Coo-Coo, and take her with him, fully satisfied in his own mind that her parents had perished in one or other of the great massacres. The curious part of the story was that he should have engaged berths in the very ship which was taking the little girl's father away from the only place where any trace of her could ever have been discovered. The kind old civilian, whose wife and children had long been dead, and who had become greatly attached to the bonny wee waif, was overjoyed at being the means of restoring the stray lamb to the fold where her loss had been so sorely mourned.

The only consideration that now remained was, whether the restoration of her child would produce any good effect on Estelle's mental condition. At Fred's earnest request, we accompanied him to his mother's home in Brittany; indeed, I don't know how we could have declined doing so, for Coo-Coo, willful as ever, utterly refused to leave me, we having renewed all our old friendship on the voyage.

The château was a queer, rambling old place, so large that there was little fear of the child and her mother coming into collision before the proper time, for as yet we were all afraid to break the news to the latter; indeed, the doctor who visited her would not hear of its being done.

Estelle's rooms were on the west side of the old castle, overlooking a sort of parterre or pleasaunce, in which she sometimes walked; and there she always remained, never visiting any other part of the house. Coo-Coo's nursery was on the north side, and her "bonne" had strict orders on no account to permit the child access to the rooms or gardens in the west wing. On my first visit to Estelle, she knew me at once, but received me as though we had never been parted; the same with her husband, and mine. She was very calm and peaceful now, although fragile and delicate-looking; in fact, the only symptoms of mental disturbance which remained were her total obliviousness of all connected with her Indian life (she seemed not to know that she had ever been out of Brittany; how she accounted for our acquaintance, I can not conceive) and her intense aversion to children, of whom she had always been particularly fond.

On these two subjects I never touched; on all others she conversed rationally and pleasantly. The village doctor who attended Estelle, giving her nothing more noxious than tisanes—powerless to kill or cure—begged us on no account to let his patient see her child. "She is the victim of monomania, and will do the petite an injury; at least, such is my opinion," said the little man, shrugging his shoulders. "I trust to you, Madame Burgoyne, to prevent it; these bonnes are si bêtes, si bêtes!"

I should tell you, by-the-bye, that Coo-Coo had by no means forgotten her mother; she continually asked me where "maman" was, for she had now discarded Hindoostanee for French, and I had to tell the most shocking fibs on the subject. She had also found a very good likeness of Estelle in her grandmother's room, and insisted on having it hung over her own little bed, and saying her prayers to it every night.

You can fancy my horror when, sitting with Estelle one day in the pretty old-fashioned upper room overlooking the flower garden, I suddenly overheard two voices, a child's and a servant's, raised in hot dispute; and before I could leave my seat, the garden door was pushed violently open, and Miss Coo-Coo, followed by her favorite white poodle puppy, Fleur-de-Lis, danced in triumph a saraband over old Jean the gardener's most cherished flower beds, pursued by that injured domestic in a state of exceeding perspiration and wrath. Round and round the beds he chased her, uttering maledictions, and calling upon all the saints in the calendar for help; but the child's sturdy legs did her far better service than poor old Jean's gouty ones did him, and, for the nonce, she escaped. The old gardener went to fetch the bonne, and my lady then began to play at ball with her puppy, tossing him into a cluster of magnificent carnations, until all their heads were broken from the stalks. All this time Estelle had grown paler and paler; now she lifted her head, and a gleam shot out of her dark eyes which made me tremble, not for myself, but for the child. Then, her hands clinched, her face working, she rose and went quickly to the window, just as the last carnation had been guillotined. I followed, rather rashly, for as Coo-Coo stood looking out for some fresh mischief, she suddenly spied me, and, heigh-presto, she left the garden, ran in through the open window on to the ground-floor, and now her little feet were coming pattering up the stairs. What was to be done? Our door was open, and could not be fastened, as only that morning the lock had been removed for repair; and in another second the child would be in the room. I caught Estelle round the waist and forced her into a chair; a moment more and the little one trotted in, her pinafore full of scarlet blossoms.

"Oh, Madame Burgoyne," she began, "j'ai de jolis fleurs pour toi; mais le vieux Jean comment il grogne!" when she paused at sight of the pale angry face beside me; and, dropping flowers, puppy, and every thing else, she flew to Estelle's side, and flung her little arms round her mother's neck, crying, "Oh, maman, je t'ai trouvé, je t'ai trouvé!"

At sound of the voice and the name, Estelle showed no more anger, but gently detaching the child's arms from her neck, she looked at her and then at me, and said, quietly, "Who is she?"

I was silent, and the poor little thing answered,

"I am Coo-Coo, dear mother, your own little Coo-Coo."

"Nay," said Estelle, sadly, and I thought I had never seen her eyes look so mild or natural since her illness; "there was once a child called Coo-Coo, but she is with the angels. Go away, my dear, go and play."

The poor little girl could not, of course, comprehend the scene before her, but she was awe-struck and frightened, and felt that she had been slighted; so, sitting down on the floor beside Estelle, and hiding her face in her mother's dress, she cried as if her little heart would break. Then some old chord—who shall say how?—in the mother's heart was touched, and she stooped down and, raising the little one, took her to her bosom, and then, knowing she was safe, I gently closed the door behind me and went out, leaving her softly weeping.

L'ENVOI.

Only the other day I paid them all a visit in that same old château. Estelle is but little changed, save that her figure is rounder and plumper, and there is a thread or two of silver in her still luxuriant hair; her eyes are as bright and her face as sweet as they were fifteen years ago, and, to look at her, no one would guess what terrible suffering the vivacious little woman had passed through. She is as fond and proud as ever of her "gros soldat," as she now calls Fred, who certainly has grown a trifle stouter of late. He left the army long ago and has taken to farming, which he appears to enjoy. At first he felt the loss of his arm, fortunately the left one, acutely; but, as he himself said, "It was almost worth the loss of an arm to find one's self looked up to as a hero by men and women—especially the women!"

And Coo-Coo—the pet, the darling—the cause of all the grievous trouble which I have dwelt on in this story—Coo-Coo, as they still call her, Antoinette as she calls herself, is now a lovely young maiden, bright-eyed, golden-haired, and—shall I say it?—willful as of old, her mother and grandmother's idol, the pride of that quaint old Breton village, her father's left arm, as he laughingly calls her. More than that, she is an heiress in her own right, for old Mr. Malcolmson, who died about two years ago, left her sole residuary legatee of his very handsome fortune. She is coming to visit us in London next autumn, and I must invest in at least one big stick wherewith to keep off fortune-hunters, for "none but eligibles need apply." Not an eligible in the ordinary sense of the word, mark you, but one who will take her and guard her and cherish her, as her father will cherish her mother, until his life's end.

The Tillotsons you may see any day in Cheltenham. The General staid too long in India—just that "one year more" which kills so many veterans—and then retired upon a small additional pension, a torpid liver, and a paralytic stroke. He has partially recovered from the latter illness, and is wheeled about in a bath-chair, finding his chief solace in running down the whole British army and exalting the native one. Poor old Margery! she has a bad time of it with her general; and she sometimes quakes in her shoes lest he should ever hear of the part she took in denuding him of the authority which, had he exercised it, would unquestionably have added another massacre to the blood-stained annals of 1857.

Dr. O'Brien, you will be happy to hear, is in full enjoyment of health, and a property situated, as described by himself, "in *Oireland*, a nate little pieece in the bogs," where one day he very nearly mistook a Fenian for a snipe.

And now, my dears, farewell. You imposed a painful task on Aunt Eleanor when you asked her to write out for you the story of little Coo-Coo; for as she writes there spring around her bitter memories of that terrible time which England can never forget, when the blood of strong men and tenderly nurtured women, the babe of a week old and the child who played at his mother's knee, was mingled together in one great holocaust, in the name and for the glory of those hideous fetiches, those abominable Mumbo-Jumbos, which Brahmin and Mussulman alike call faith and religion.* And as the last words fall from my pen, there rises, as if by magic, before me a great cloud of familiar faces; some of them dearly loved, others deeply revered. One of them is a sweet girlish face, with the deep blue eyes and raven hair of the sister island. Ah, my little Norah, when I walked with you through the green Wicklow fields, when I sat with you on one of the old tombstones in your father's pretty church-yard, wondering when our turn should come to lie peacefully in "God's Acre," little did I think that the final resting-place for your young head would be, with other heads young and fair, and others old and gray, side by side in unhallowed sepulture in that awful Cawnpore well.

And another is a fair boyish face, a "mother's boy," with honest bright eyes and chestnut curls. The eyes were dim, and the curls dank enough, when they carried him from the Bailey Guard, with a bullet through his brave young heart.

And another still—a peaceful man's face, very noble, very calm, for he was one who feared not death. So may it have looked when they laid him down to rest in that spot near the Cashmere Gate; so will it look, but nobler far, when I see it again in the great hereafter. Never on earth—never on this earth again; for as I gaze I know that every face in that cloud is the face of a saint and martyr; and that if I ever see them again, if I ever be permitted to press in joyful welcome the hands which were last extended to me, in everlasting, sorrowful farewell, it must be in the better land, in the far-off mansions where all is "perfect peace."

* *Deen! Deen!* ("For our faith!") was the war-cry of the Mussulman portion of the rebel army.

THE END.

(Continued from No. 873, page 836.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOMETHING OUT OF THE WAY.

THE Brake hounds went out four days a week—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday; but the hunting party on this Saturday was very small. None of the ladies joined in it, and when Lord Chiltern came down to breakfast at half past eight he met no one but Gerard Maule. "Where's Spooner?" he asked. But neither Maule nor the servant could answer the question. Mr. Spooner was a man who never missed a day from the beginning of cubbing to the end of the season, and who, when April came, could give you an account of the death of every fox killed. Chiltern cracked his eggs, and said nothing more for the moment, but Gerard Maule had his suspicions. "He must be coming," said Maule; "suppose you send up to him." The servant was sent, and came down with Mr. Spooner's compliments. Mr. Spooner didn't mean to hunt to-day. He had something of a headache. He would see Lord Chiltern at the meet on Monday.

"HE SAT DOWN FOR A MOMENT TO THINK OF IT ALL."

Maule immediately declared that neither would he hunt; but Lord Chiltern looked at him, and he hesitated. "I don't care about your knowing," said Gerard.

"Oh—I know. Don't you be an ass."

"I don't see why I should give him an opportunity."

"You're to go and pull your boots and breeches off because he has not put his on, and every body is to be told of it! Why shouldn't he have an opportunity, as you call it? If the opportunity can do him any good, you may afford to be very indifferent."

"It's a piece of d— impertinence," said Maule, with most unusual energy.

"Do you finish your breakfast, and come and get into the trap. We've twenty miles to go. You can ask Spooner on Monday how he spent his morning."

At ten o'clock the ladies came down to breakfast, and the whole party were assembled. "Mr. Spooner!" said Lady Chiltern to that gentleman, who was the last to enter the room. "This is a marvel!" He was dressed in a dark blue frock-coat, with a colored silk handkerchief round his neck, and had brushed his hair down close to his head. He looked quite unlike himself, and would hardly have been known by those who had never seen him out of the hunting field. In his dress clothes of an evening or in his shooting-coat he was still himself. But in the garb he wore on the present occasion he was quite unlike Spooner of Spoon Hall, whose only pride in regard to clothes had hitherto been that he possessed more pairs of breeches than any other man in the county. It was ascertained afterward, when the circumstances came to be investigated, that he had sent a man all the way across to Spoon Hall for that coat and the colored neck-handkerchief on the previous day; and some one most maliciously told the story abroad. Lady Chiltern, however, always declared that her secrecy on the matter had always been inviolable.

"Yes, Lady Chiltern; yes," said Mr. Spooner, as he took a seat at the table; "wonders never cease, do they?" He had prepared himself even for this moment, and had determined to show Miss Palliser that he could be sprightly and engaging even without his hunting habiliments.

"What will Lord Chiltern do without you?" one of the ladies asked.

"He'll have to do his best."

"He'll never kill a fox," said Miss Palliser.

"Oh yes; he knows what he's about. I was so fond of my pillow this morning that I thought I'd let the hunting slide for once. A man should not make a toil of his pleasure."

Lady Chiltern knew all about it, but Adelaide Palliser knew nothing. Madame Goesler, when she observed the light blue neck-tie, at once suspected the execution of some great intention. Phineas was absorbed in his observation of the difference in the man. In his pink coat he always looked as though he had been born to wear it, but his appearance was now that of an amateur actor got up in a miscellaneous middle-age costume. He was sprightly, but the effort was painfully visible. Lady Baldock said something afterward very ill-natured about a hog in armor, and old Mrs. Burnaby spoke the truth when she declared that all the comfort of her tea and toast was sacrificed to Mr. Spooner's frock-coat. But what was to be done with him when breakfast was over? For a while he was fixed upon poor Phineas, with whom he walked across to the stables. He seemed to feel that he could hardly hope to pounce upon his prey at once, and that he must bide his time.

Out of the full heart the mouth speaks. "Nice girl, Miss Palliser," he said to Phineas, forgetting that he had expressed himself nearly the same way to the same man on a former occasion.

"Very nice indeed. It seems to me that you are sweet upon her yourself."

"Who? I! Oh no—I don't think of those sort of things. I suppose I shall marry some day. I've a house fit for a lady to-morrow, from top to bottom, linen and all. And my property's my own."

"That's a comfort."

"I believe you. There isn't a mortgage on an acre of it, and that's what very few men can say. As for Miss Palliser, I don't know that a man could do better; only I don't think much of those things. If ever I do pop the question, I shall do it on the spur of the moment. There'll be no preparation with me, nor yet any beating about the bush. 'Would it suit your views, my dear, to be Mrs. Spooner?' that's about the long and the short of it. A clean-made little mare, isn't she?" This last observation did not refer to Adelaide Palliser, but to an animal standing in Lord Chiltern's stables. "He bought her from Charlie Dickers for a twenty-pound note last April. The mare hadn't a leg to stand upon; Charlie had been stagging with her for the last two months, and knocked her all to pieces. She's a screw, of course, but there isn't any thing carries Chiltern so well. There's nothing like a good screw. A man 'll often go with two hundred and fifty guineas between his legs, supposed to be all there because the animal's sound, and yet he don't know his work. If you like schooling a young un, that's all very well. I used to be fond of it myself; but I've come to feel that being carried to hounds without much thinking about it is the cream of hunting, after all. I wonder what the ladies are at? Shall we go back and see?" Then they turned to the house, and Mr. Spooner began to be a little fidgety. "Do they sit altogether mostly all the morning?"

"I fancy they do."

"I suppose there's some way of dividing them. They tell me you know all about women. If you want to get one to yourself, how do you manage it."

"In perpetuity, do you mean, Mr. Spooner?"

"Any way—in the morning, you know."

"Just to say a few words to her?"

"Exactly that—just to say a few words. I don't mind asking you, because you've done this kind of thing before."

"I should watch my opportunity," said Phineas, remembering a period of his life in which he had watched much, and had found it very difficult to get an opportunity.

"But I must go after lunch," said Mr. Spooner. "I'm expected home to dinner, and I don't know much whether they'll like me to stop over Sunday."

"If you were to tell Lady Chiltern—"

"I was to have gone on Thursday, you know. You won't tell any body?"

"Oh dear, no."

"I think I shall propose to that girl. I've about made up my mind to do it, only a fellow can't call her out before half a dozen of them. Couldn't you get Lady C. to trot her out into the garden? You and she are as thick as thieves."

"I should think Miss Palliser was rather difficult to be managed."

Phineas declined to interfere, taking upon himself to assure Mr. Spooner that attempts to arrange matters in that way never succeeded. He went in and settled himself to the work of answering correspondents at Tankerville, while Mr. Spooner hung about the drawing-room, hoping that circumstances and time might favor him. It is to be feared that he made himself extremely disagreeable to poor Lady Chiltern, to whom he was intending to open his heart could he only find an opportunity for so much as that. But Lady Chiltern was determined not to have his confidence, and at last withdrew from the scene, in order that she might not be entrapped. Before lunch had come all the party knew what was to happen—except Adelaide herself. She, too, perceived that something was in the wind—that there was some stir, some discomfort, some secret affair forward, or some event expected, which made them all uneasy—and she did connect it with the presence of Mr. Spooner. But, in pitiable ignorance of the facts that were clear enough to every body else, she went on watching and wondering, with a half-formed idea that the house would be more pleasant as soon as Mr. Spooner should have taken his departure. He was to go after lunch. But on such occasions there is, of course, a latitude, and "after lunch" may be stretched at any rate to the five-o'clock tea. At three o'clock Mr. Spooner was still hanging about. Madame Goesler and Phineas, with an openly declared intention of friendly intercourse, had gone out to walk together. Lord and Lady Baldock were on horseback. Two or three old ladies hung over the fire and gossiped. Lady Chiltern had retired to her baby; when on a sudden Adelaide Palliser declared her intention of walking into the village. "Might I accompany you, Miss Palliser?" said Mr. Spooner; "I want a walk above all things." He was very brave, and persevered, though it was manifest that the lady did not desire his company. Adelaide said something about an old woman whom she intended to visit; whereupon Mr. Spooner declared that visiting old women was the delight of his life. He would undertake to give half a sovereign to the old woman if Miss Palliser would allow him to come. He was very brave, and persevered in such a fashion that he carried his point. Lady Chiltern from her nursery window saw them start through the shrubbery together.

"I have been waiting for this opportunity all the morning," said Mr. Spooner, gallantly.

But in spite of his gallantry, and although she had known almost from breakfast-time that he had been waiting for something, still she did not suspect his purpose. It has been said that Mr. Spooner was still young, being barely over forty years of age; but he had unfortunately appeared to be old to Miss Palliser. To himself it seemed as though the fountains of youth were still running through all his veins. Though he had given up schooling young horses, he could ride as hard as ever. He could shoot all day. He could take "his whack of wine," as he called it, sit up smoking half the night, and be on horseback the next morning after an early breakfast without the slightest feeling of fatigue. He was a red-faced little man, with broad shoulders, clean shaven, with small eyes, and a nose on which incipient pimples began to show themselves. To himself and the comrades of his life he was almost as young as he had ever been; but the young ladies of the county called him Old Spooner, and re-

garded him as a permanent assistant unpaid huntsman to the Brake hounds. It was not within the compass of Miss Palliser's imagination to conceive that this man should intend to propose himself to her as her lover.

"I have been waiting for this opportunity all the morning," said Mr. Spooner. Adelaide Palliser turned round and looked at him, still understanding nothing. Ride at any fence hard enough, and the chances are you'll get over. The harder you ride the heavier the fall, if you get a fall, but the greater the chance of your getting over. This had been a precept in the life of Mr. Spooner, verified by much experience, and he had resolved that he would be guided by it on this occasion. "Ever since I first saw you, Miss Palliser, I have been so much taken by you that—that—in point of fact, I love you better than all the women in the world I ever saw; and will you—will you be Mrs. Spooner?"

He had at any rate ridden hard at his fence. There had been no craning, no looking about for an easy place, no hesitation as he brought his horse up to it. No man ever rode straighter than he did on this occasion. Adelaide stopped short on the path, and he stood opposite to her, with his fingers inserted between the closed buttons of his frock-coat. "Mr. Spooner!" exclaimed Adelaide.

"I am quite in earnest, Miss Palliser; no man ever was more in earnest. I can offer you a comfortable, well-furnished home, an undivided heart, a good settlement, and no embarrassment on the property. I'm fond of a country life myself, but I'll adapt myself to you in every thing reasonable."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Spooner; you are indeed."

"How mistaken?"

"I mean that it is altogether out of the question. You have surprised me so much that I couldn't stop you sooner; but pray do not speak of it again."

"It is a little sudden, but what is a man to do? If you will only think of it—"

"I can't think of it at all. There is no need for thinking. Really, Mr. Spooner, I can't go on with you. If you wouldn't mind turning back, I'll walk into the village by myself." Mr. Spooner, however, did not seem inclined to obey this injunction, and stood his ground, and when she moved on, walked on beside her. "I must insist on being left alone," she said.

"I haven't done any thing out of the way," said the lover.

"I think it's very much out of the way. I have hardly ever spoken to you before. If you will only leave me now, there shall not be a word more said about it."

But Mr. Spooner was a man of spirit. "I'm not in the least ashamed of what I've done," he said.

"But you might as well go away, when it can't be of any use."

"I don't know why it shouldn't be of use. Miss Palliser, I'm a man of good property. My great-great-grandfather lived at Spoon Hall, and we've been there ever since. My mother was one of the Platters of Platter House. I don't see that I've done any thing out of the way. As for shilly-shallying and hanging about, I never knew any good come from it. Don't let us quarrel, Miss Palliser. Say that you'll take a week to think of it."

"But I won't think of it at all; and I won't go on walking with you. If you'll go one way Mr. Spooner, I'll go the other."

Then Mr. Spooner waxed angry. "Why am I to be treated with disdain?" he said.

"I don't want to treat you with disdain. I only want you to go away."

"You seem to think that I'm something—something altogether beneath you."

And so in truth she did. Miss Palliser had never analyzed her own feelings and emotions about the Spooners whom she met in society; but she probably conceived that there were people in the world who, from certain accidents, were accustomed to sit at dinner with her, but who were no more fitted for her intimacy than were the servants who waited upon her. Such people were to her little more than the tables and chairs with which she was brought in contact. They were persons with whom it seemed to her to be impossible that she should have any thing in common, who were her inferiors as completely as were the menials around her. Why she should thus despise Mr. Spooner, while in her heart of hearts she loved Gerard Maule, it would be difficult to explain. It was not simply an affair of age, nor of good looks, nor altogether of education. Gerard Maule was by no means wonderfully erudite. They were both addicted to hunting. Neither of them did any thing useful. In that respect Mr. Spooner stood the higher, as he managed his own property successfully. But Gerard Maule so wore his clothes, and so carried his limbs, and so pronounced his words that he was to be regarded as one entitled to make love to any lady; whereas poor Mr. Spooner was not justified in proposing to marry any woman much more gifted than his own house-maid. Such, at least, were Adelaide Palliser's ideas.

"I don't think any thing of the kind," she said, "only I want you to go away. I shall go back to the house, and I hope you won't accompany me. If you do, I shall turn the other way." Whereupon she did retire at once, and he was left standing in the path.

There was a seat there, and he sat down for a moment to think of it all. Should he persevere in his suit, or should he rejoice that he had escaped from such an ill-conditioned minx? He remembered that he had read, in his younger days, that lovers in novels generally do persevere, and that they are almost always successful at last. In affairs of the heart such perseverance was, he thought, the correct thing. But in this instance the conduct of the lady had not given him the slightest encouragement. When a horse balked with him at a fence, it was his habit to force the animal till he jumped it, as the groom had recommended Phineas to do. But when he had encountered a decided fall, it was not sensible practice to ride the horse at the same place again. There was probably some occult cause for failure. He could not but own that he had been thrown on the present occasion—and, upon the whole, he thought that he had better give it up. He found his way back to the house, put up his things, and got away to Spoon Hall in time for dinner, without seeing Lady Chiltern or any of her guests.

"What has become of Mr. Spooner?" Maule asked, as soon as he returned to Harrington Hall.

"Nobody knows," said Lady Chiltern; "but I believe he has gone."

"Has any thing happened?"

"I have heard no tidings, but if you ask for my opinion, I think something has happened. A certain lady seems to have been ruffled, and a certain gentleman has disappeared. I am inclined to think that a few unsuccessful words have been spoken." Gerard Maule saw that there was a smile in her eye, and he was satisfied.

"My dear, what did Mr. Spooner say to you during his walk?" This question was asked by the ill-natured old lady in the presence of nearly all the party.

"We were talking of hunting," said Adelaide.

"And did the poor old woman get her half sovereign?"

"No—he forgot that. We did not go into the village at all. I was tired and came back."

"Poor old woman—and poor Mr. Spooner!"

Every body in the house knew what had occurred, as Mr. Spooner's discretion in the conduct of this affair had not been equal to his valor; but Miss Palliser never confessed openly, and almost taught herself to believe that the man had been mad or dreaming during that special hour.

CHAPTER XX.

PHINEAS AGAIN IN LONDON.

PHINEAS, on his return to London, before he had taken his seat in the House, received the following letter from Lady Laura Kennedy:

"DRESDEN, *February* 8, 1870.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I thought that perhaps you would have written to me from Harrington. Violet has told me of the meeting between you and Madame Goesler, and says that the old friendship seems to have been perfectly re-established. She used to think once that there might be more than friendship, but I never quite believed that. She tells me that Chiltern is quarreling with the Pallisers. You ought not to let him quarrel with people. I know that he would listen to you. He always did.

"I write now especially because I have just received so dreadful a letter from Mr. Kennedy! I would send it you were it not that there are in it a few words which on his behalf I shrink from showing even to you. It is full of threats. He begins by quotations from the Scriptures and from the Prayer-book to show that a wife has no right to leave her husband—and he then goes on to the law. One knows all that of course. And then he asks whether he ever ill-used me? Was he ever false to me? Do I think that, were I to choose to submit the matter to the iniquitous practices of the present Divorce Court, I could prove any thing against him by which even that low earthly judge would be justified in taking from him his marital authority? And if not, have I no conscience? Can I reconcile it to myself to make his life utterly desolate and wretched simply because duties which I took upon myself at my marriage have become distasteful to me?

"These questions would be very hard to answer were there not other questions that I could ask. Of course I was wrong to marry him. I know that now, and I repent my sin in sackcloth and ashes. But I did not leave him after I married him till he had brought against me horrid accusations—accusations which a woman could not bear, which, if he believed them himself, must have made it impossible for him to live with me. Could any wife live with a husband who declared to her face that he believed that she had a lover? And in this very letter he says that which almost repeats the accusation. He has asked me how I can have dared to receive you, and desires me never either to see you or to wish to see you again. And yet he sent for you to Lough Linter before you came, in order that you might act as a friend between us. How could I possibly return to a man whose power of judgment has so absolutely left him?

"I have a conscience in the matter—a conscience that is very far from being at ease. I have done wrong, and have shipwrecked every hope in this world. No woman was ever more severely punished. My life is a burden to me, and I may truly say that I look for no peace this side the grave. I am conscious, too, of continued sin—a sin unlike other sins—not to be avoided, of daily occurrence—a sin which weighs me to the ground. But I should not sin the less were I to return to him. Of course he can plead his marriage. The thing is done. But it can't be right that a woman should pretend to love a man whom she loathes. I couldn't live with him. If it were simply to go and die, so that his pride would be gratified by my return, I would do it; but I should not die. There would come some horrid scene, and I should be no more a wife to him than I am while living here.

"He now threatens me with publicity. He declares that unless I return to him he will put into some of the papers a statement of the whole case. Of course this would be very bad. To be obscure and untalked of is all the comfort that now remains to me. And he might say things that would be prejudicial to others—especially to you. Could this in any way be prevented? I suppose the papers would publish any thing; and you know how greedily people will read slander about those whose names are in any way remarkable. In my heart I believe he is insane; but it is very hard that one's privacy should be at the mercy of a madman. He says that he can get an order from the Court of Queen's Bench which will oblige the judges in Saxony to send me back to England in the custody of the police; but that I do not believe. I had the opinion of Sir Gregory Grogram before I came away, and he told me that it was not so. I do not fear his power over my person, while I remain here, but that the matter should be dragged forward before the public.

"I have not answered him yet, nor have I shown his letter to papa. I hardly liked to tell you when you were here, but I almost fear to talk to papa about it. He never urges me to go back, but I know that he wishes that I should do so. He has ideas about money which seem singular to me, knowing, as I do, how very generous he has been himself. When I married, my fortune, as you knew, had been just used in paying Chiltern's debts. Mr. Kennedy had declared himself to be quite indifferent about it, though the sum was large. The whole thing was explained to him, and he was satisfied. Before a year was over he complained to papa, and then papa and Chiltern together raised the money—£40,000—and it was paid to Mr. Kennedy. He has written more than once to papa's lawyer to say that, though the money is altogether useless to him, he will not return a penny of it, because by doing so he would seem to abandon his rights. Nobody has asked him to return it. Nobody has asked him to defray a penny on my account since I left him. But papa continues to say that the money should not be lost to the family. I can not, however, return to such a husband for the sake of £40,000. Papa is very angry about the money, because he says that if it had been paid in the usual way at my marriage, settlements would have been required that it should come back to the family after Mr. Kennedy's death in the event of my having no child. But, as it is now, the money would go to his estate after my death. I don't understand why it should be so, but papa is always harping upon it, and declaring that Mr. Kennedy's pretended generosity has robbed us all. Papa thinks that were I to return, this could be arranged; but I could not go back to him for such a reason. What does it matter? Chiltern and Violet will have enough; and of what use would it be to such a one as I am to have a sum of money to leave behind me? I should leave it to your children, Phineas, and not to Chiltern's.

"He bids me neither see you nor write to you—but how can I obey a man whom I believe to be mad? And when I will not obey him in the greater matter by returning to him, it would be absurd were I to attempt to obey him in smaller details. I don't suppose I shall see you very often. His letter has, at any rate, made me feel that it would be impossible for me to return to England, and it is not likely that you will soon come here again. I will not even ask you to do so, though your presence gave a brightness to my life for a few days which nothing else could have produced. But when the lamp for a while burns with special brightness there always comes afterward a corresponding dullness. I had to pay for your visit, and for the comfort of my confession to you at Königstein. I was determined that you should know it all; but, having told you, I do not want to see you again. As for writing, he shall not deprive me of the consolation—nor, I trust, will you.

"Do you think that I should answer his letter, or will it be better that I should show it to papa? I am very averse to doing that, as I have explained to you; but I would do so if I thought that Mr. Kennedy really intended to act upon his threats. I will not conceal from you that it would go nigh to kill me if my name were dragged through the papers. Can any thing be done to prevent it? If he were known to be mad, of course the papers would not publish his statements; but I suppose that if he were to send a letter from Lough Linter with his name to it, they would print it. It would be very, very cruel.

"God bless you. I need not say how faithfully I am Your friend, "L. K."

This letter was addressed to Phineas at his club, and there he received it on the evening before the meeting of Parliament. He sat up for nearly an hour thinking of it after he read it. He must answer it at once. That was a matter of course. But he could give her no advice that would be of any service to her. He was, indeed, of all men the least fitted to give her counsel in her present emergency. It seemed to him that as she was safe from any attack on her person, she need only remain at Dresden, answering his letter by what softest negatives she could use. It was clear to him that in his present condition she could take no steps whatever in regard to the money. That must be left to his conscience, to time, and to chance. As to the threat of publicity, the probability, he thought, was that it would lead to nothing. He doubted whether any respectable newspaper would insert such a statement as that suggested. Were it published, the evil must be borne. No diligence on her part, or on the part of her lawyers, could prevent it.

But what had she meant when she wrote of continual sin, sin not to be avoided, of sin repeated daily, which nevertheless weighed her to the ground? Was it expected of him that he should answer that portion of her letter? It amounted to a passionate renewal of that declaration of affection for himself which she had made at Königstein, and which had pervaded her whole life since some period antecedent to her wretched marriage. Phineas, as he thought of it, tried to analyze the nature of such a love. He also, in those old days, had loved her, and had at once resolved that he must tell her so, though his hopes of success had been poor indeed. He had taken the first opportunity, and had declared his purpose. She, with the imperturbable serenity of a matured kind-hearted woman, had patted him on the back, as it were, as she told him of her existing engagement with Mr. Kennedy. Could it be that at that moment she could have loved him as she now said she did, and that she should have been so cold, so calm, and so kind; while, at that very moment, this coldness, calmness, and kindness was but a thin crust over so strong a passion? How different had been his own love! He had been neither calm nor kind. He had felt himself for a day or two to be so terribly knocked about that the world was nothing to him. For a month or two he had regarded himself as a man peculiarly circumstanced—marked for misfortune and for a solitary life. Then he had retricked his beams, and before twelve months were passed had almost forgotten his love. He knew now, or thought that he knew, that the continued indulgence of a hopeless passion was a folly opposed to the very instincts of man and woman—a weakness showing want of fibre and of muscle in the character. But here was a woman who could calmly conceal her passion in its early days, and marry a man whom she did not love in spite of it, who could make her heart, her feelings, and all her feminine delicacy subordinate to material considerations, and nevertheless could not rid herself of her passion in the course of years, although she felt its existence to be an intolerable burden on her conscience. On which side lay strength of character and on which side weakness? Was he strong, or was she?

And he tried to examine his own feelings in regard to her. The thing was so long ago that she was to him as some aunt, or sister, so much the elder as to be almost venerable. He acknowledged to himself a feeling which made it incumbent upon him to spend himself in her service, could he serve her by any work of his. He was, or would be, devoted to her. He owed her a never-dying gratitude. But were she free to marry again to-morrow, he knew that he could not marry her. She herself had said the same thing. She had said that she would be his sister. She had specially required of him that he should make known to her his wife, should he ever marry again. She had declared that she was incapable of further jealousy; and yet she now told him of daily sin of which her conscience could not assoil itself.

"Phineas," said a voice close to his ears, "are you repenting your sins?"

"Oh, certainly. What sins?"

It was Barrington Erle. "You know that we are going to do nothing to-morrow," continued he.

"So I am told."

"We shall let the Address pass almost without a word. Gresham will simply express his determination to oppose the Church Bill to the knife. He means to be very plain-spoken about it. Whatever may be the merits of the bill, it must be regarded as an unconstitutional effort to retain power in the hands of the minority, coming from such hands as those of Mr. Daubeny. I take it he will go at length into the question of majorities, and show how inexpedient it is on behalf of the nation that any ministry should remain in power who can not command a majority in the House on ordinary questions. I don't know whether he will do that to-morrow or at the second reading of the bill."

"I quite agree with him."

"Of course you do. Every body agrees with him. No gentleman can have a doubt on the subject. Personally, I hate the idea of Church Reform. Dear old Mildmay, who taught me all I know, hates it too. But Mr. Gresham is the head of our party now, and much as I may differ from him on many things, I am bound to follow him. If he proposes Church Reform in my time, or any thing else, I shall support him."

"I know those are your ideas."

"Of course they are. There are no other ideas on which things can be made to work. Were it not that men get drilled into it by the force of circumstances, any government in this country would be impossible. Were it not so, what should we come to? The Queen would find herself justified in keeping in any set of Ministers who could get her favor, and ambitious men would prevail without any support from the country. The Queen must submit to dictation from some quarter."

"She must submit to advice, certainly."

"Don't cavil at a word when you know it to be true," said Barrington, energetically. "The constitution of the country requires that she should submit to dictation. Can it come safely from any other quarter than that of a majority of the House of Commons?"

"I think not."

"We are all agreed about that. Not a single man in either House would dare to deny it. And if it be so, what man in his senses can think of running counter to the party which he believes to be right in its general views? A man so burdened with scruples as to be unable to act in this way should keep himself aloof from public life. Such a one can not serve the country in Parliament, though he may possibly do so with pen and ink in his closet."

"I wonder, then, that you should have asked me to come forward again after what I did about the Irish land question," said Phineas.

"A first fault may be forgiven when the sinner has in other respects been useful. The long and the short of it is that you must vote with us against Daubeny's bill. Browborough sees it

plainly enough. He supported his chief in the teeth of all his protestations at Tankerville."

"I am not Browborough."

"Nor half so good a man if you desert us," said Barrington Erle, with anger.

"I say nothing about that. He has his ideas of duty, and I have mine. But I will go so far as this. I have not yet made up my mind. I shall ask advice; but you must not quarrel with me if I say that I must seek it from some one who is less distinctly a partisan than you are."

"From Monk?"

"Yes—from Mr. Monk. I do think it will be bad for the country that this measure should come from the hands of Mr. Daubeny."

"Then why the d— should you support it, and oppose your own party at the same time? After that you can't do it.—Well, Ratler, my guide and philosopher, how is it going to be?"

Mr. Ratler had joined them, but was still standing before the seat they occupied, not condescending to sit down in amicable intercourse with a man as to whom he did not yet know whether to regard him as a friend or foe. "We shall be very quiet for the next month or six weeks," said Ratler.

"And then?" asked Phineas.

"Well, then it will depend on what may be the number of a few insane men who never ought to have seats in the House."

"Such as Mr. Monk and Mr. Turnbull?" Now it was well known that both those gentlemen, who were recognized as leading men, were strong Radicals, and it was supposed that they both would support any bill, come whence it might, which would separate Church and State.

"Such as Mr. Monk," said Ratler. "I will grant that Turnbull may be an exception. It is his business to go in for every thing in the way of agitation, and he at any rate is consistent. But when a man has once been in office—why, then—"

"When he has taken the shilling?" said Phineas.

"Just so. I confess I do not like a deserter."

"Phineas will be all right," said Barrington Erle.

"I hope so," said Mr. Ratler, as he passed on.

"Ratler and I run very much in the same groove," said Barrington, "but I fancy there is some little difference in the motive power."

"Ratler wants place."

"And so do I."

"He wants it just as most men want professional success," said Phineas. "But if I understand your object, it is chiefly the maintenance of the old-established political power of the Whigs. You believe in families?"

"I do believe in the patriotism of certain families. I believe that the Mildmays, Fitz-Howards, and Pallisers have for some centuries brought up their children to regard the well-being of their country as their highest personal interest, and that such teaching has been generally efficacious. Of course there have been failures. Every child won't learn its lesson, however well it may be taught. But the school in which good training is most practiced will, as a rule, turn out the best scholars. In this way I believe in families. You have come in for some of the teaching, and I expect to see you a scholar yet."

The House met on the following day, and the Address was moved and seconded, but there was no debate. There was not even a full House. The same ceremony had taken place so short a time previously that the whole affair was flat and uninteresting. It was understood that nothing would, in fact, be done. Mr. Gresham, as leader of his side of the House, confined himself to asserting that he should give his firmest opposition to the proposed measure, which was, it seemed, so popular with the gentlemen who sat on the other side, and who supported the so-called Conservative Government of the day. His reasons for doing so had been stated very lately, and must unfortunately be repeated very soon, and he would not, therefore, now trouble the House with them. He did not on this occasion explain his ideas as to majorities, and the Address was carried by seven o'clock in the evening. Mr. Daubeny named a day a month hence for the first reading of his bill, and was asked the cause of the delay by some member on a back bench. "Because it can not be ready sooner," said Mr. Daubeny. "When the honorable gentleman has achieved a position which will throw upon him the responsibility of bringing forward some great measure for the benefit of his country, he will probably find it expedient to devote some little time to details. If he do not, he will be less anxious to avoid attack than I am." A Minister can always give a reason; and, if he be clever, he can generally when doing so punish the man who asks for it. The punishing of an influential enemy is an indiscretion; but an obscure questioner may often be crushed with good effect.

Mr. Monk's advice to Phineas was both simple and agreeable. He intended to support Mr. Gresham, and of course counseled his friend to do the same.

"But you supported Mr. Daubeny on the Address before Christmas," said Phineas.

"And shall therefore be bound to explain why I oppose him now; but the task will not be difficult. The Queen's speech to Parliament was in my judgment right, and therefore I concurred in the Address. But I certainly can not trust Mr. Daubeny with Church Reform. I do not know that many will make the same distinction, but I shall do so."

Phineas soon found himself sitting in the House as though he had never left it. His absence had not been long enough to make the place feel strange to him. He was on his legs before a fortnight was over asking some question of some Minister, and of course insinuating as he did so that the Minister in question had been guilty of some enormity of omission or commission. It all came back upon him as though he had been born to the very manner. And as it became known to the Ratlers that he meant to vote right on the great coming question—to vote right and to speak right in spite of his doings at Tankerville—every body was civil to him. Mr. Bonteen did express an opinion to Mr. Ratler that it was quite impossible that Phineas Finn should ever again accept office, as of course the Tankervillians would never replace him in his seat after manifest apostasy to his pledge; but Mr. Ratler seemed to think very little of that. "They won't remember, Lord bless you!—and then he's one of those fellows that always get in somewhere. He's not a man I particularly like, but you'll always see him in the House—up and down, you know. When a fellow begins early, and has got it in him, it's hard to shake him off." And thus even Mr. Ratler was civil to our hero.

Lady Laura Kennedy's letter had, of course, been answered—not without very great difficulty. "My dear Laura," he had begun, for the first time in his life. She had told him to treat her as a brother would do, and he thought it best to comply with her instructions. But beyond that, till he declared himself at the end to be hers affectionately, he made no further protestation of affection. He made no allusion to that sin which weighed so heavily on her, but answered all her questions. He advised her to remain at Dresden. He assured her that no power could be used to enforce her return. He expressed his belief that Mr. Kennedy would abstain from making any public statement, but suggested that if any were made, the answering of it should be left to the family lawyer. In regard to the money, he thought it impossible that any step should be taken. He then told her all there was to tell of Lord and Lady Chiltern, and something also of himself. When the letter was written he found that it was cold and almost constrained. To his own ears it did not sound like the hearty letter of a generous friend. It savored of the caution with which it had been prepared. But what could he do? Would he not sin against her and increase her difficulties if he addressed her with warm affection? Were he to say a word that ought not to be addressed to any woman he might do her an irreparable injury; and yet the tone of his own letter was odious to him.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. MAULE, SENIOR.

THE life of Mr. Maurice Maule of Maule Abbey, the father of Gerard Maule, had certainly not been prosperous. He had from his boyhood enjoyed a reputation for cleverness, and at school had done great things—winning prizes, spouting speeches on speech days, playing in elevens, and looking always handsome. He had been one of those show boys of which two or three are generally to be found at our great schools, and all manner of good things had been prophesied on his behalf. He had been in love before he was eighteen, and very nearly succeeded in running away with the young lady before he went to college. His father had died when he was an infant, so that at twenty-one he was thought to be in possession of comfortable wealth. At Oxford he was considered to have got into a good set—men of fashion who were also given to talking of books—who spent money, read poetry, and had opinions of their own respecting the tracts and Mr. Newman. He took his degree, and then started himself in the world upon that career which is of all the most difficult to follow with respect and self-comfort. He proposed to himself the life of an idle man with a moderate income—a life which should be luxurious, refined, and graceful, but to which should be attached the burden of no necessary occupation. His small estate gave him but little to do, as he would not farm any portion of his own acres. He became a magistrate in his county, but he would not interest himself with the price of a good yoke of bullocks, as did Mr. Justice Shallow, nor did he ever care how a score of ewes went at any fair. There is no harder life than this. Here and there we may find a man who has so trained himself that day after day he can devote his mind without compulsion to healthy pursuits, who can induce himself to work, though work be not required from him for any ostensible object, who can save himself from the curse of misusing his time, though he has for it no defined and necessary use; but such men are few, and are made of better metal than was Mr. Maule. He became an idler, a man of luxury, and then a spendthrift. He was now hardly beyond middle life, and he assumed for himself the character of a man of taste. He loved music and pictures and books and pretty women. He loved also good eating and drinking, but conceived of himself that in his love for them he was an artist and not a glutton. He had married early, and his wife had died soon. He had not given himself up with any special zeal to the education of his children, nor to the preservation of his property. The result of his indifference has been told in a previous chapter. His house was deserted, and his children were scattered about the world. His eldest son, having means of his own, was living an idle, desultory life, hardly with prospects of better success than had attended his father.

Mr. Maule was now something about fifty-five years of age, and almost considered himself young. He lived in chambers on a flat in Westminster, and belonged to two excellent clubs. He had not been near his property for the last ten years, and as he was addicted to no country sport, there were ten weeks in the year which were terrible to him. From the middle of August to the end of October for him there was no whist, no society, it may almost be said no dinner. He had tried going to the sea-side; he had tried going to Paris; he had endeavored to enjoy Switzerland and the Italian lakes; but all had failed, and he had acknowledged to himself that this sad period of the year must always be endured without relaxation and without comfort.

Of his children he now took but little notice. His daughter was married and in India. His younger son had disappeared, and the father was perhaps thankful that he was thus saved from trouble. With his elder son he did maintain some amicable intercourse, but it was very slight in its nature. They never corresponded unless the one had something special to say to the other. They had no recognized ground for meeting. They did not belong to the same clubs. They did not live in the same circles. They did not follow the same pursuits. They were interested in the same property; but, as on that subject there had been something approaching to a quarrel, and as neither looked for assistance from the other, they were now silent on the matter. The father believed himself to be a poorer man than his son, and was very sore on the subject; but he had nothing beyond a life interest in his property, and there remained to him a certain amount of prudence which induced him to abstain from eating more of his pudding—lest absolute starvation and the poor-house should befall him. There still remained to him the power of spending some five or six hundred a year, and upon this practice had taught him to live with a very considerable amount of self-indulgence. He dined out a great deal, and was known every where as Mr. Maule of Maule Abbey.

He was a slight, bright-eyed, gray-haired, good-looking man, who had once been very handsome. He had married, let us say for love—probably very much by chance. He had ill-used his wife, and had continued a long-continued liaison with a complaisant friend. This had lasted some twenty years of his life, and had been to him an intolerable burden. He had come to see the necessity of employing his good looks, his conversational powers, and his excellent manners on a second marriage which might be lucrative; but the unpleasant lady had stood in his way. Perhaps there had been a little cowardice on his part; but at any rate he had hitherto failed. The season for such a mode of relief was not, however, as yet clean gone with him, and he was still on the look-out. There are women always in the market ready to buy for themselves the right to hang on the arm of a real gentleman. That Mr. Maurice Maule was a real gentleman no judge in such matters had ever doubted.

On a certain morning just at the end of February Mr. Maule was sitting in his library—so called—eating his breakfast, at about twelve o'clock, and at his side there lay a note from his son Gerard. Gerard had written to say that he would call on that morning, and the promised visit somewhat disturbed the father's comfort. He was in his dressing-gown and slippers, and had his newspaper in his hand. When his newspaper and breakfast should be finished—as they would be certainly at the same moment—there were in store for him two cigarettes, and perhaps some new French novel which had just reached him. They would last him till two o'clock. Then he would dress and saunter out in his great-coat, made luxurious with furs. He would see a picture, or perhaps some china vase, of which news had reached him, and would talk of them as though he might be a possible buyer. Every body knew that he never bought any thing; but he was a man whose opinion on such matters was worth having. Then he would call on some lady whose acquaintance at the moment might be of service to him; for that idea of blazing once more out into the world on a wife's fortune was always present to him. At about five he would saunter into his club, and play a rubber in a gentle unexcited manner till seven. He never played for high points, and would never be enticed into any bet beyond the limits of his club stakes. Were he to lose £10 or £20 at a sitting his arrangements would be greatly disturbed, and his comfort seriously affected. But he played well, taking pains with his game, and some who knew him well declared that his whist was worth a hundred a year to him. Then he would dress, and generally dine in society. He was known as a good diner out, though in what his excellence consisted they who entertained him might find it difficult to say. He was not witty, nor did he deal in anecdotes. He spoke with a low voice, never addressing himself to any but his neighbor, and even to his neighbor saying but little. But he looked like a gentleman, was well dressed, and never awkward. After dinner he would occasionally play another rubber; but twelve o'clock always saw him back into his own rooms. No one knew better than Mr. Maule that the continual bloom of lasting summer which he affected requires great accuracy in living. Late hours, nocturnal cigars, and midnight drinkings, pleasurable though they may be, consume too quickly the free-flowing lamps of youth, and are fatal at once to the husbanded candle ends of age.

But such as his days were, every minute of them was precious to him. He possessed the rare merit of making a property of his time, and not a burden. He had so shuffled off his duties that he had now rarely any thing to do that was positively disagreeable. He had been a spendthrift; but his creditors, though perhaps never satisfied, had been quieted. He did not now deal with reluctant and hard-tasked tenants, but with punctual though inimical trustees, who paid to him with charming regularity that portion of his income which he was allowed to spend. But that he was still tormented with the ambition of a splended marriage it might be said of him that he was completely at his ease. Now, as he lit his cigarette, he would have been thoroughly comfortable, were it not that he was threatened with disturbance by his son. Why should his son wish to see him, and thus break in upon him at the most charming hour of the day? Of course his son would not come to him without having some business in hand which must be disagreeable. He had not the least desire to see his son—and yet, as they were on amiable terms, he could not deny himself after the receipt of his son's note. Just at one, as he finished his first cigarette, Gerard was announced.

"Well, Gerard!"

"Well, father—how are you? You are looking as fresh as paint, Sir."

"Thanks for the compliment, if you mean one. I am pretty well. I thought you were hunting somewhere."

"So I am; but I have just come up to town to see you. I find you have been smoking; may I light a cigar?"

"I never do smoke cigars here, Gerard. I'll offer you a cigarette." The cigarette was reluctantly offered, and accepted with a shrug. "But you didn't come home merely to smoke, I dare say."

"Certainly not, Sir. We do not often trouble each other, father; but there are things about which I suppose we had better speak. I'm going to be married!"

"To be married!" The tone in which Mr. Maule, senior, repeated the words was much the same as might be used by any ordinary father if his son expressed an intention of going into the shoe-black business.

"Yes, Sir. It's a kind of thing men do sometimes."

"No doubt; and it's a kind of thing that they sometimes repent of having done."

"Let us hope for the best. It is too late, at any rate, to think about that, and as it is to be done, I have come to tell you."

"Very well. I suppose you are right to tell me. Of course you know that I can do nothing for you; and I don't suppose that you can do any thing for me. As far as your own welfare goes, if she has a large fortune—"

"She has no fortune."

"No fortune!"

"Two or three thousand pounds perhaps."

"Then I look upon it as an act of simple madness, and can only say that as such I shall treat it. I have nothing in my power, and therefore I can neither do you good nor harm; but I will not hear any particulars, and I can only advise you to break it off, let the trouble be what it may."

"I certainly shall not do that, Sir."

"Then I have nothing more to say. Don't ask me to be present, and don't ask me to see her."

"You haven't heard her name yet."

"I do not care one straw what her name is."

"It is Adelaide Palliser."

"Adelaide Muggins would be exactly the same thing to me. My dear Gerard, I have lived too long in the world to believe that men can coin into money the noble blood of well-born wives. Twenty thousand pounds is worth more than all the blood of all the Howards, and a wife even with twenty thousand pounds would make you a poor, embarrassed, and half-famished man."

"Then I suppose I shall be whole famished, as she certainly has not got a quarter of that sum."

"No doubt you will."

"Yet, Sir, married men with families have lived on my income."

"And on less than a quarter of it. The very respectable man who brushes my clothes no doubt does so. But then, you see, he has been brought up in that way. I suppose that you, as a bachelor, put by every year at least half your income?"

"I never put by a shilling, Sir. Indeed, I owe a few hundred pounds."

"And yet you expect to keep a house over your head, and an expensive wife and family, with lady's-maid, nurses, cook, footman, and grooms, on a sum which has been hitherto insufficient for your own wants! I didn't think you were such an idiot, my boy."

"Thank you, Sir."

"What will her dress cost?"

"I have not the slightest idea."

"I dare say not. Probably she is a horsewoman. As far as I know any thing of your life, that is the sphere in which you will have made the lady's acquaintance."

"She does ride."

"No doubt, and so do you; and it will be very easy to say whither you will ride together if you are fools enough to get married. I can only advise you to do nothing of the kind. Is there any thing else?"

There was much more to be said if Gerard could succeed in forcing his father to hear him. Mr. Maule, who had hitherto been standing, seated himself as he asked that last question, and took up the book which had been prepared for his morning's delectation. It was evidently his intention that his son should leave him. The news had been communicated to him, and he had said all that he could say on the subject. He had at once determined to confine himself to a general view of the matter, and to avoid details—which might be personal to himself. But Gerard had been specially required to force his father into details. Had he been left to himself, he would certainly have thought that the conversation had gone far enough. He was inclined, almost as well as his father, to avoid present discomfort. But when Miss Palliser had suddenly—almost suddenly—accepted him; and when he had found himself describing the prospects of his life in her presence and in that of Lady Chiltern, the question of the Maule Abbey inheritance had of necessity been discussed. At Maule Abbey there might be found a home for the married couple, and—so thought Lady Chiltern—the only fitting home. Mr. Maule, the father, certainly did not desire to live there. Probably arrangements might be made for repairing the house and fur-